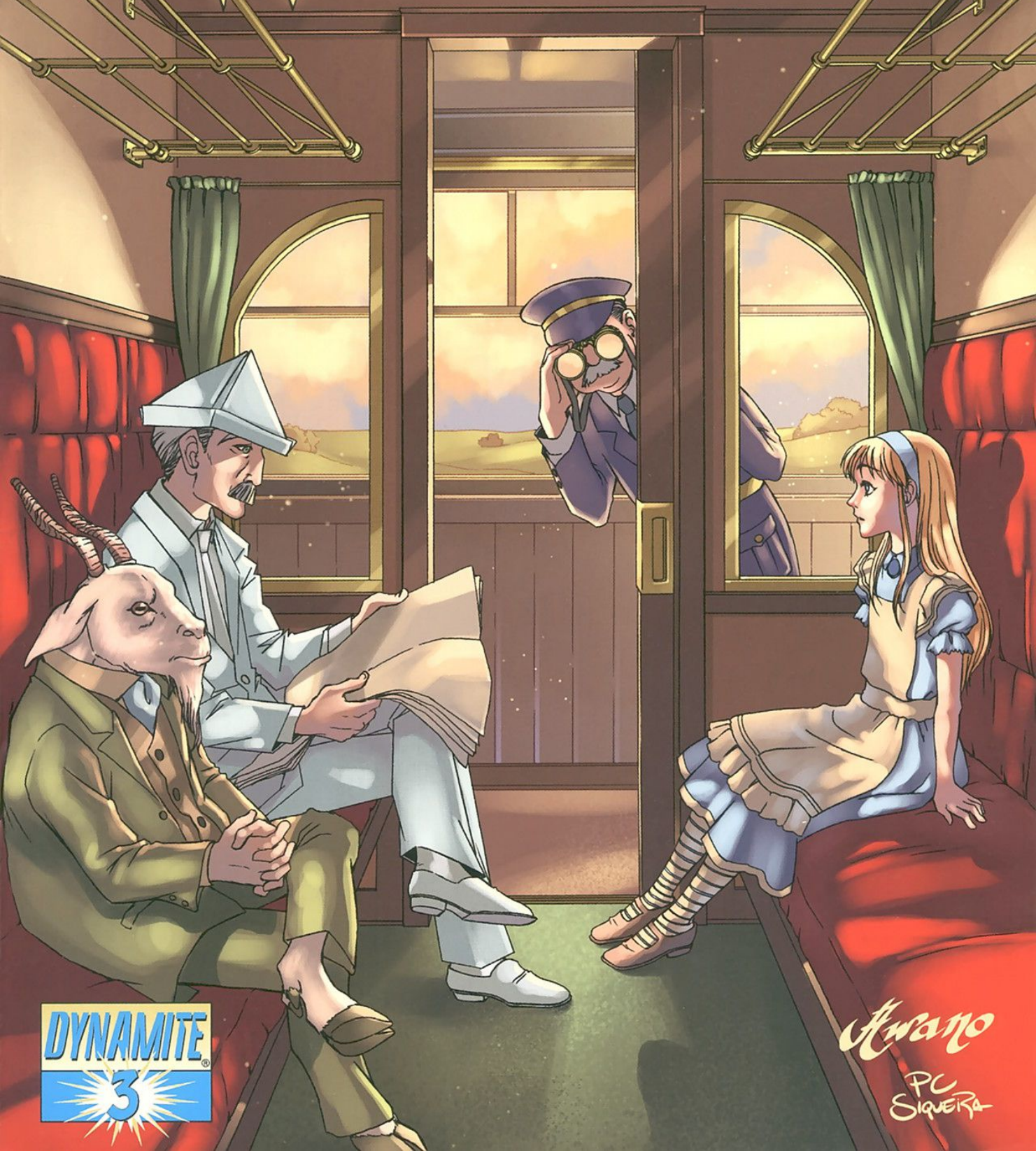


The Complete ALICE In Wonderland



Arano
PC
SIQUERA

Dynamite Entertainment presents:

The Complete Alice In Wonderland™

story by
LEWIS CARROLL

adapted by
LEAH MOORE & JOHN REPPION

illustrated by
ÉRICA AWANO

colored by
PC SIQUEIRA

lettered by
SIMON BOWLAND

cover by
ÉRICA AWANO



WWW.DYNAMITEENTERTAINMENT.COM
FOR NEWS, CONTESTS, FORUMS & MORE

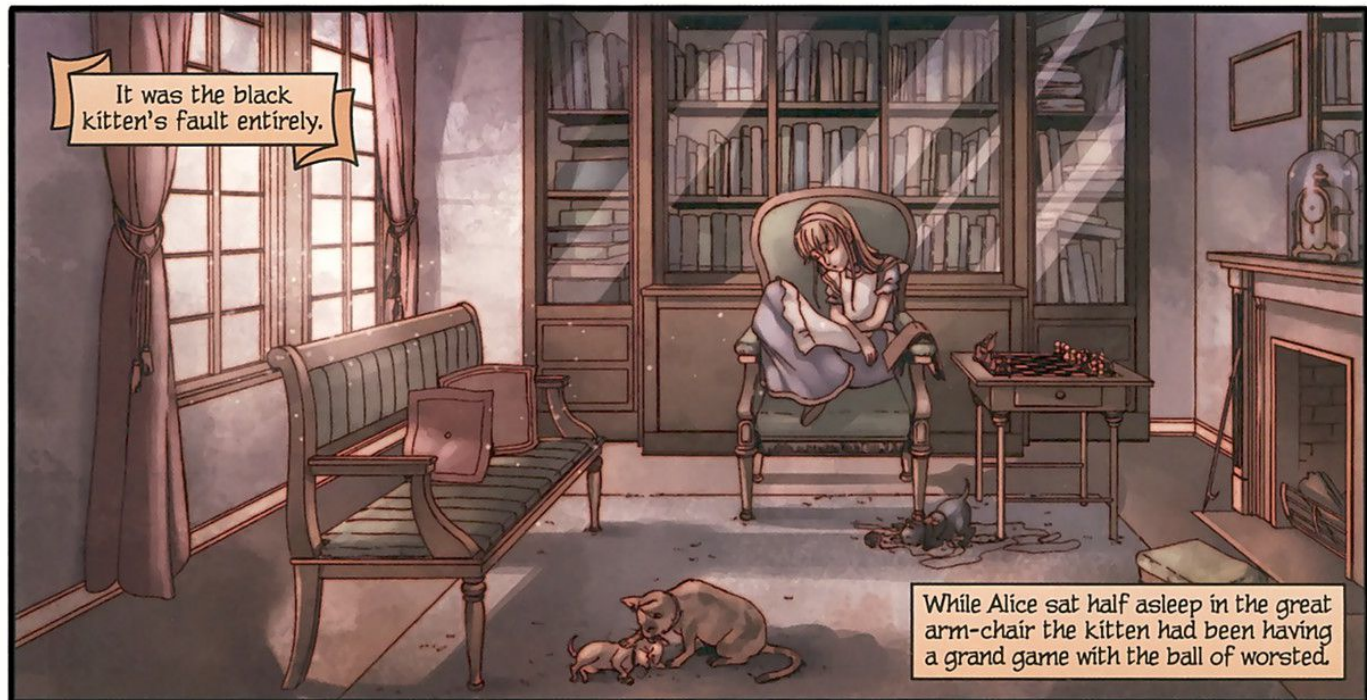
NICK BARRUCCI
JUAN COLLADO
JOSEPH RYBANDT
JOSH JOHNSON
JASON ULLMEYER

PRESIDENT
CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER
EDITOR
CREATIVE DIRECTOR
GRAPHIC DESIGNER

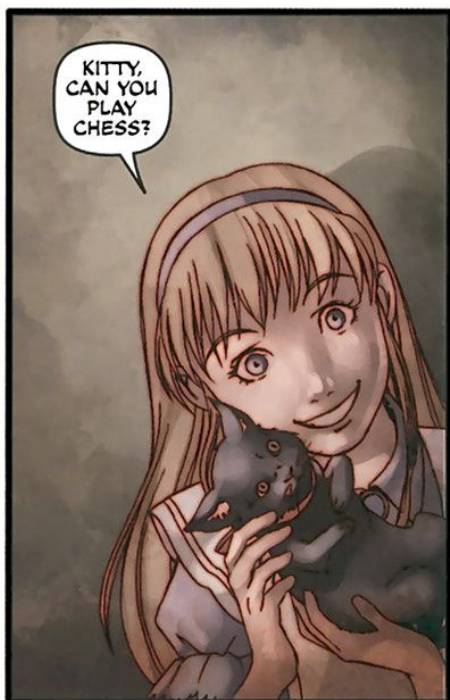
The Complete Alice In Wonderland™, Volume 1, Issue #3. First printing. Published by Dynamite Entertainment, 155 Ninth Avenue, Suite B, Rummel, NJ 08078. The Complete Alice In Wonderland™ and © 2010 Savage Tales Entertainment, Inc. Dynamite, Dynamite Entertainment & The Dynamite Entertainment colophon © 2009 DFI. All Rights Reserved. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means (digital or print) without the written permission of Dynamite Entertainment, except for review purposes. Printed in Canada.

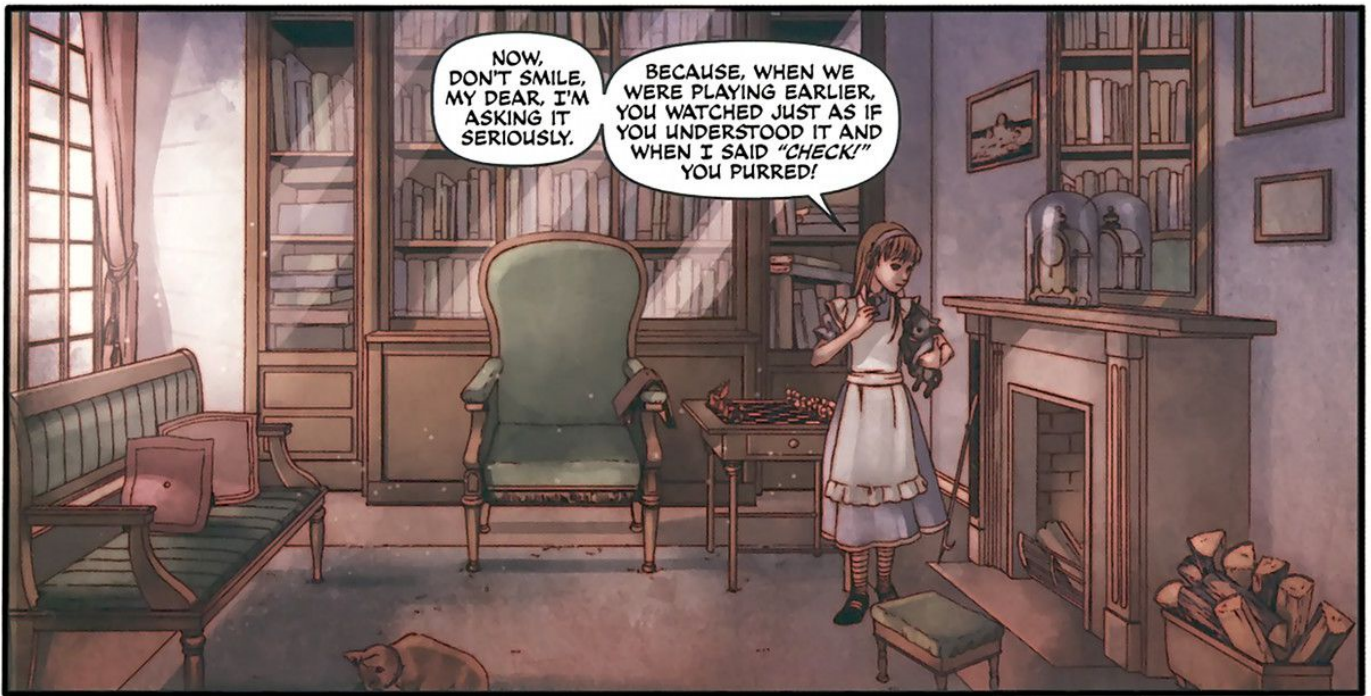
For information regarding press, media rights, foreign rights, licensing, promotions, and advertising e-mail: marketing@dynamiteentertainment.com





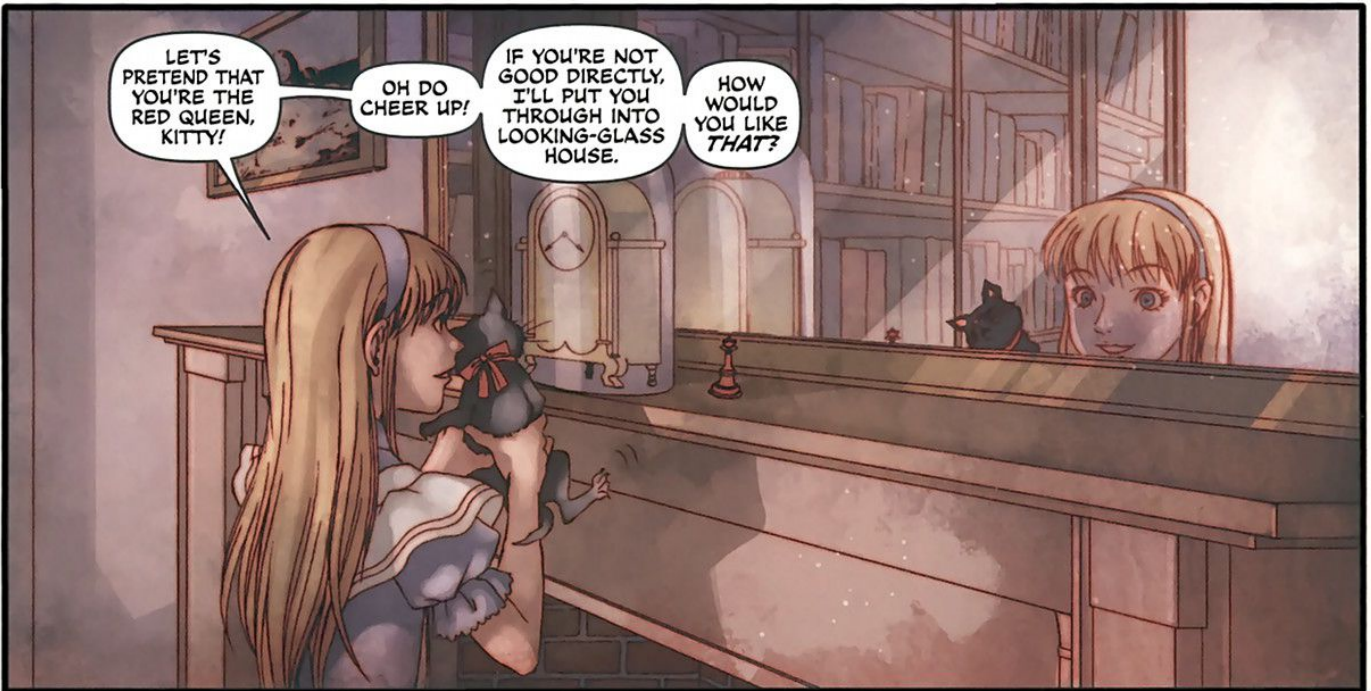
While Alice sat half asleep in the great arm-chair the kitten had been having a grand game with the ball of worsted.





NOW,
DON'T SMILE,
MY DEAR. I'M
ASKING IT
SERIOUSLY.

BECAUSE, WHEN WE
WERE PLAYING EARLIER,
YOU WATCHED JUST AS IF
YOU UNDERSTOOD IT AND
WHEN I SAID "CHECK!"
YOU PURRED!



LET'S
PRETEND THAT
YOU'RE THE
RED QUEEN,
KITTY!

OH DO
CHEER UP!

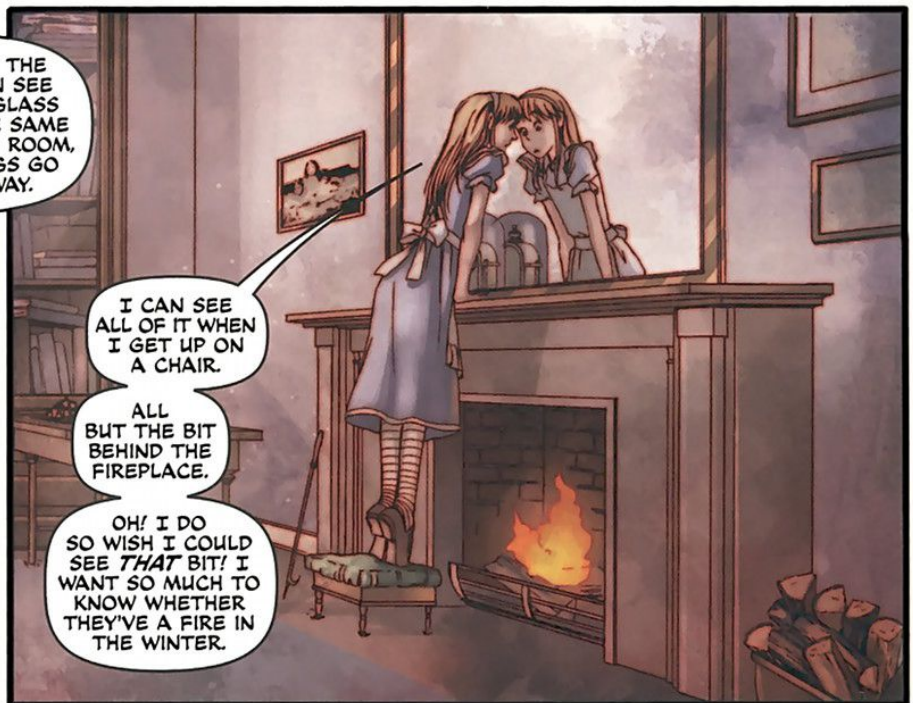
IF YOU'RE NOT
GOOD DIRECTLY,
I'LL PUT YOU
THROUGH INTO
LOOKING-GLASS
HOUSE.

HOW
WOULD
YOU LIKE
THAT?



NOW, IF YOU'LL
ONLY ATTEND, I'LL
TELL YOU ALL MY
IDEAS ABOUT
LOOKING-GLASS
HOUSE.

FIRST, THERE'S THE
ROOM YOU CAN SEE
THROUGH THE GLASS
THAT'S JUST THE SAME
AS OUR DRAWING ROOM,
ONLY THE THINGS GO
THE OTHER WAY.



I CAN SEE
ALL OF IT WHEN
I GET UP ON
A CHAIR.

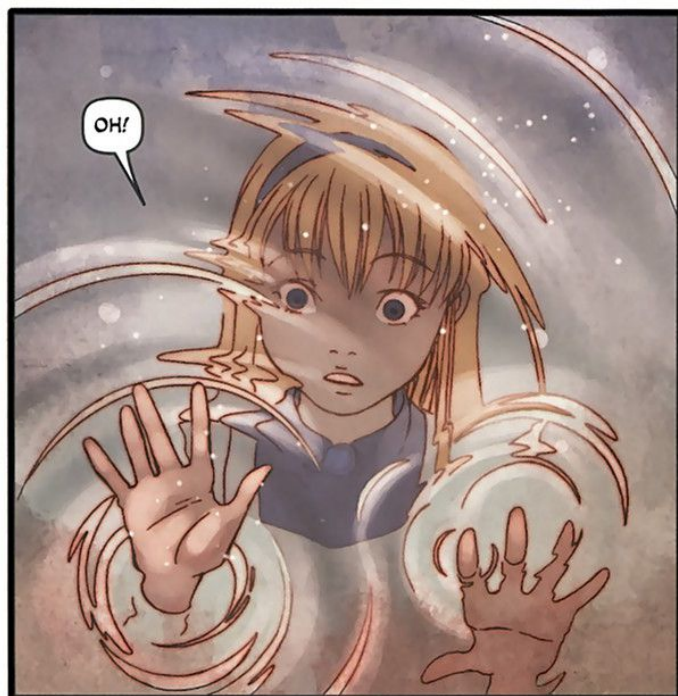
ALL
BUT THE BIT
BEHIND THE
FIREPLACE.

OH! I DO
SO WISH I COULD
SEE *THAT* BIT! I
WANT SO MUCH TO
KNOW WHETHER
THEY'VE A FIRE IN
THE WINTER.



OH, KITTY!
HOW NICE IT WOULD BE
IF WE COULD GET THROUGH
INTO LOOKING-GLASS HOUSE!
I'M SURE IT'S GOT SUCH
BEAUTIFUL THINGS IN IT!

LET'S PRETEND
THERE'S A WAY OF
GETTING THROUGH!
LET'S PRETEND THE
GLASS HAS GOT ALL
SOFT LIKE GAUZE.



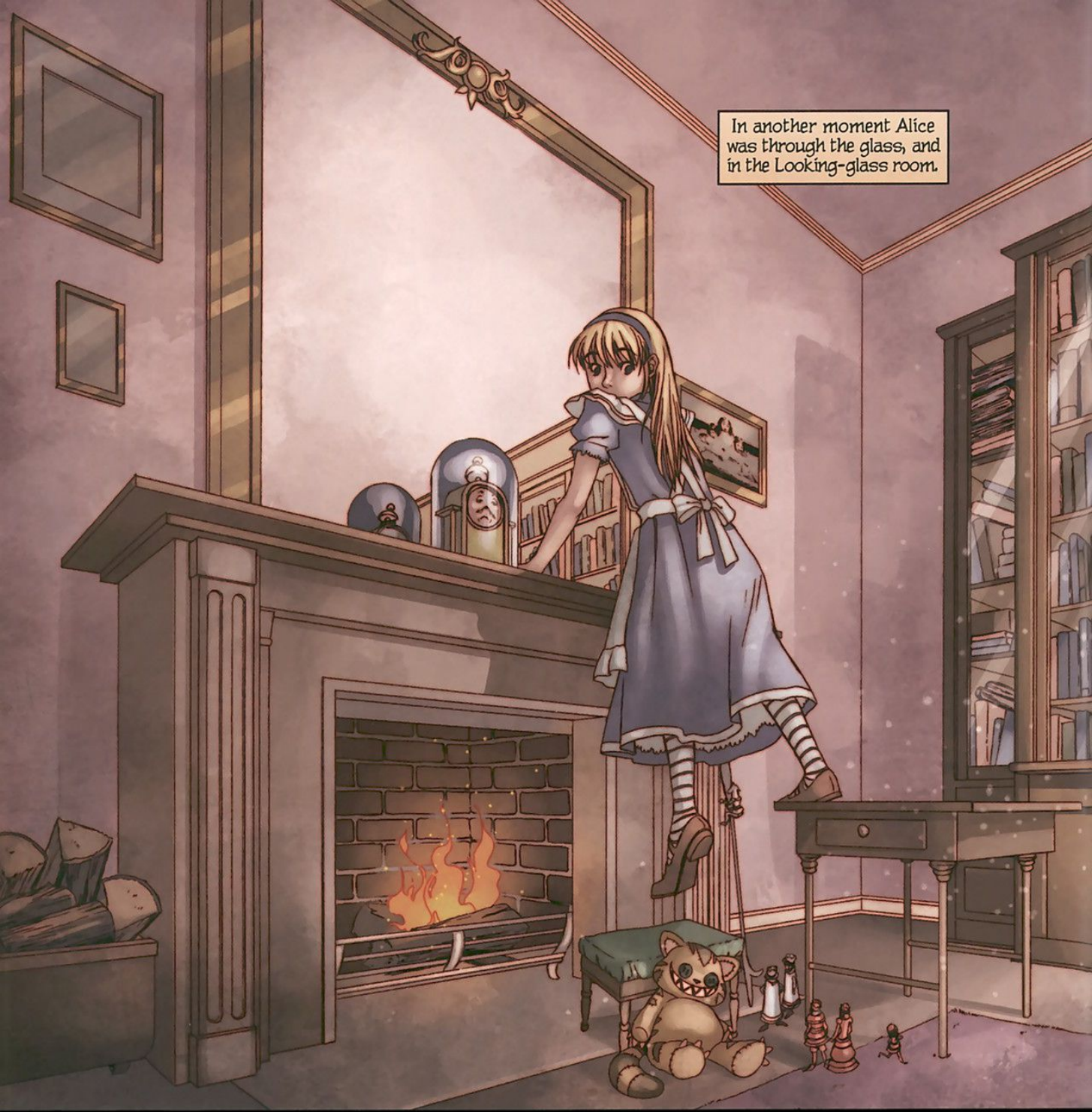
OH!

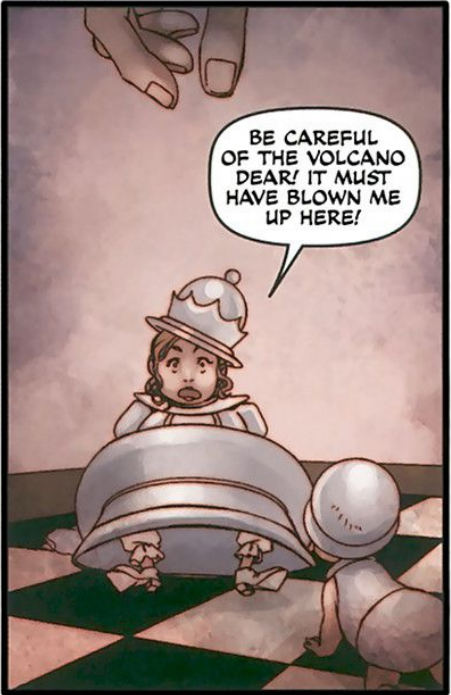
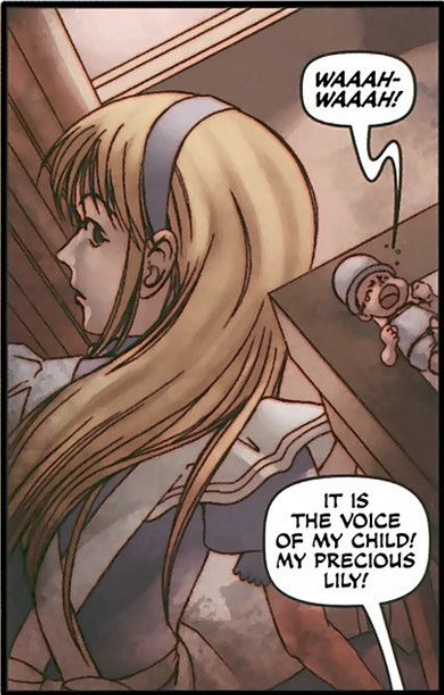


WELL, I
DECLARE!

And certainly the glass
was beginning to melt
away, just like a bright
silvery mist.

In another moment Alice was through the glass, and in the Looking-glass room.





'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;

All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.



'Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!



Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!



He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought--



So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.



And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes aflame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

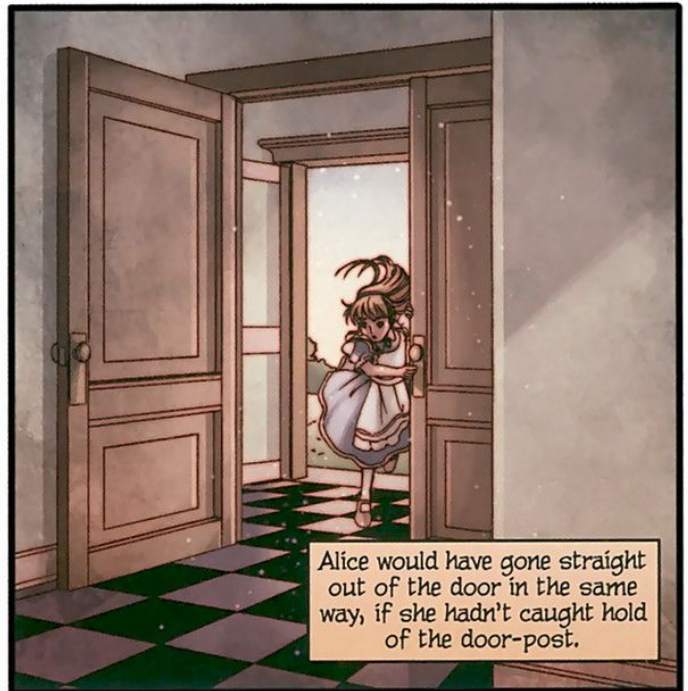
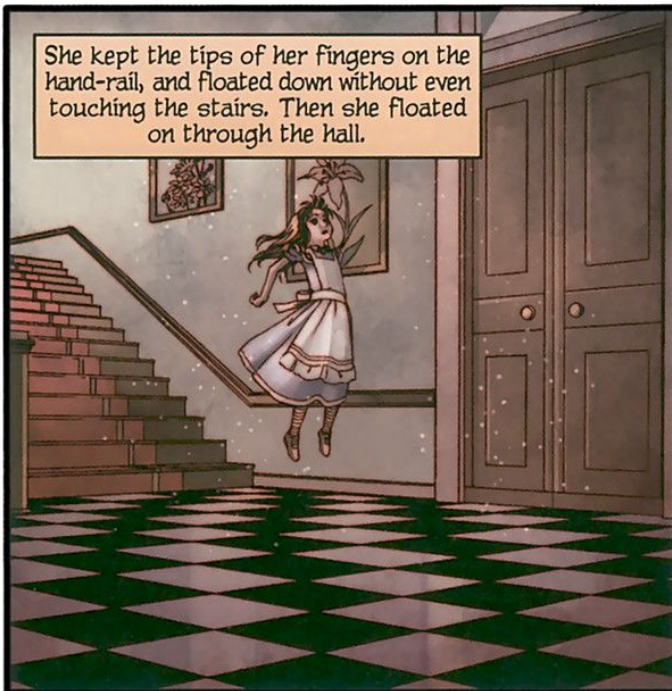
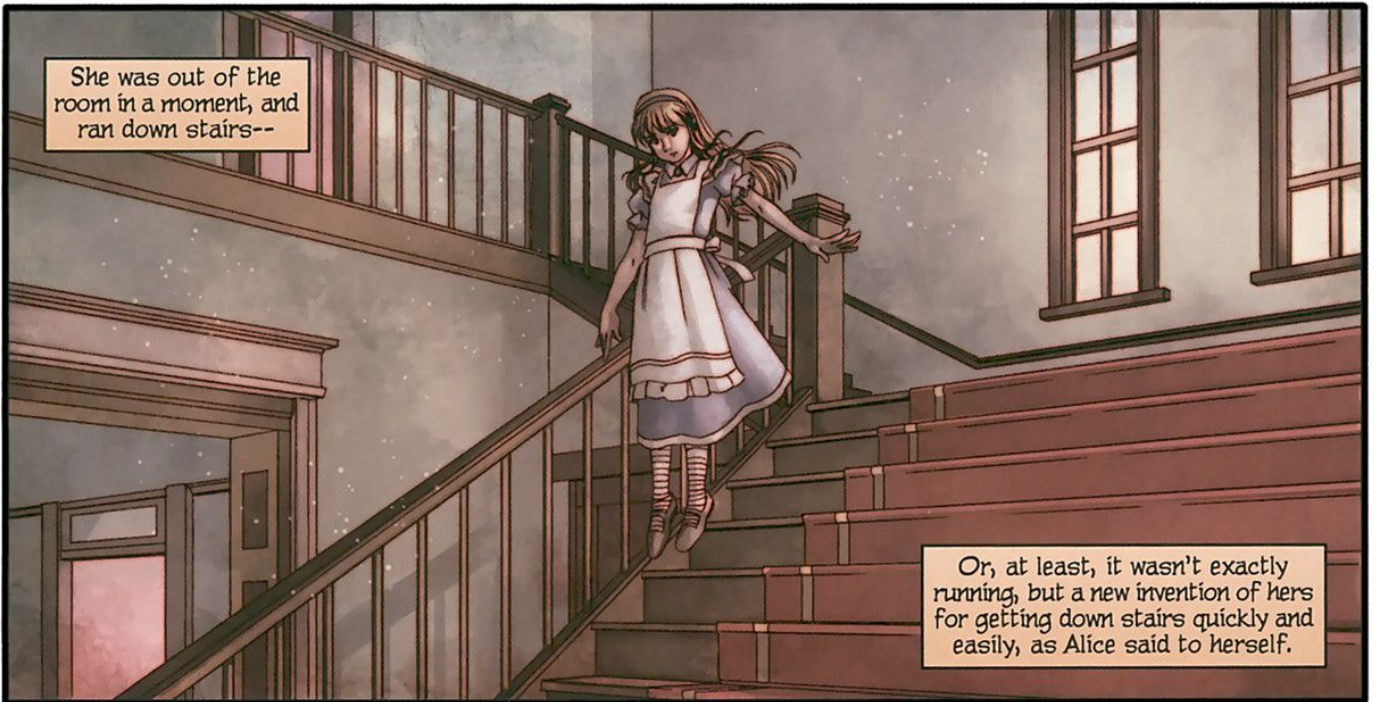
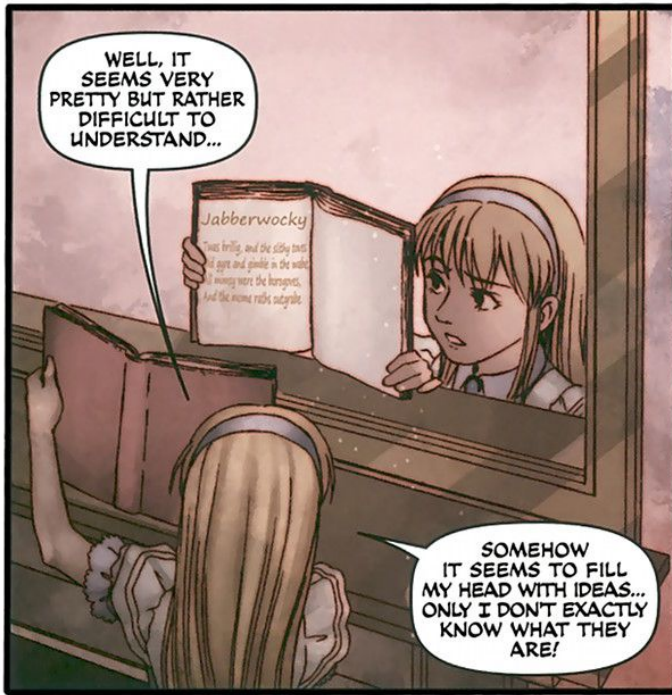


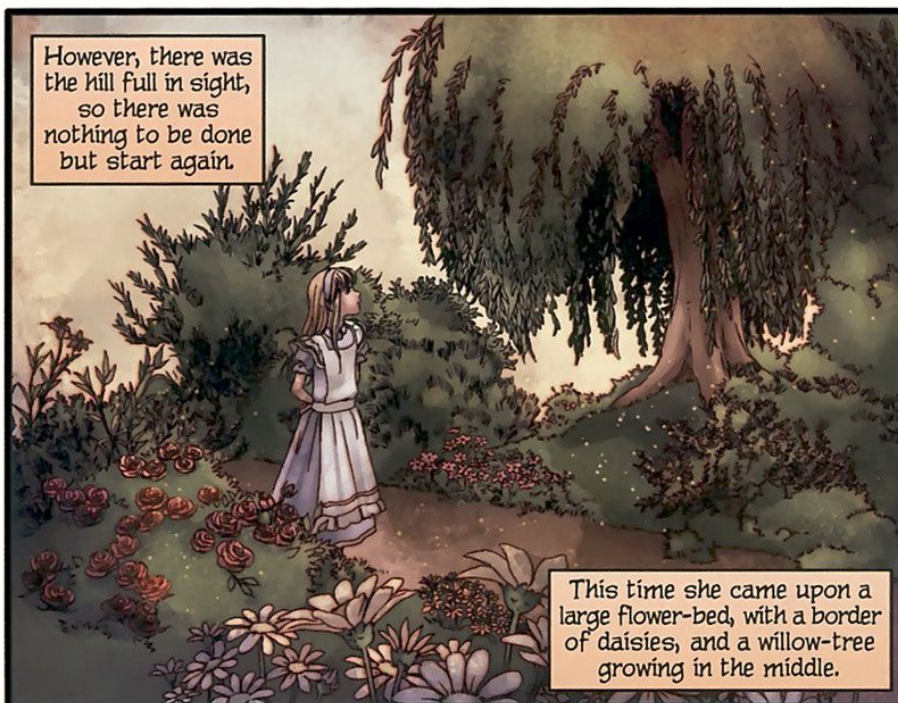
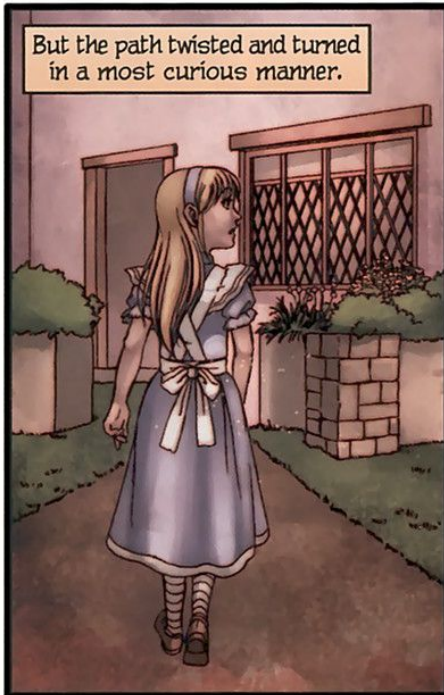
One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

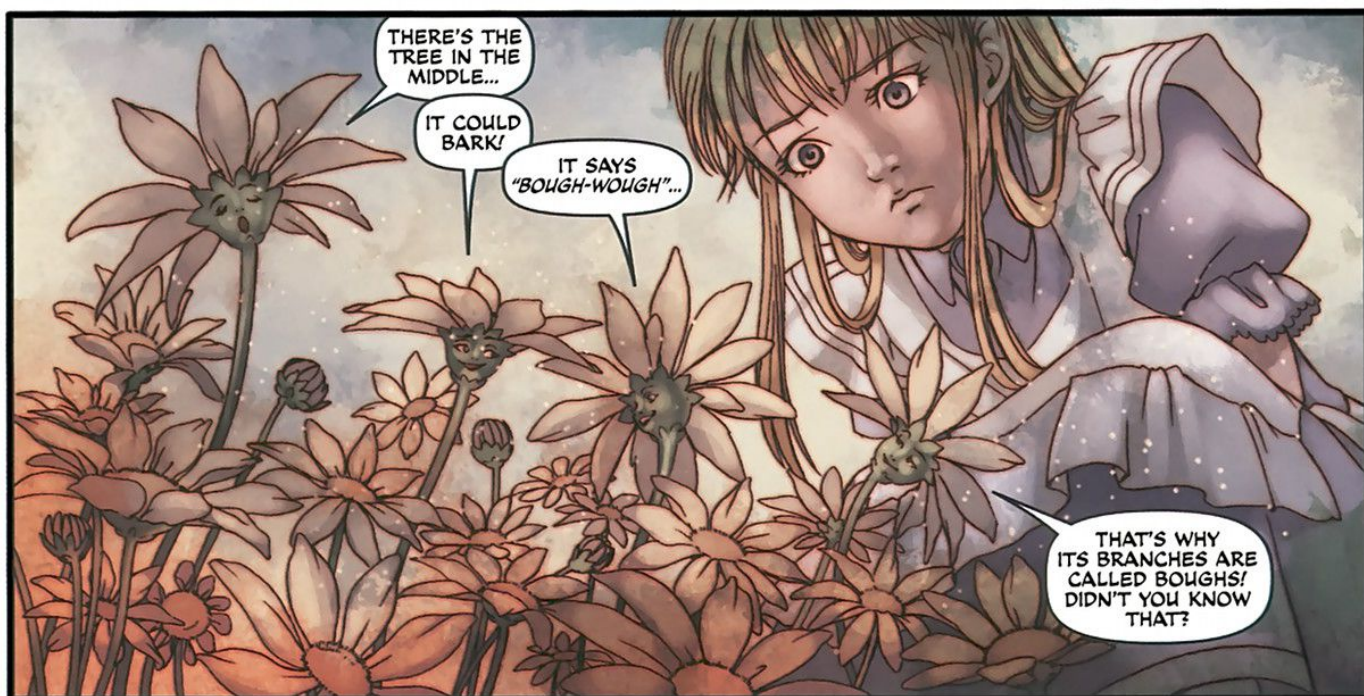
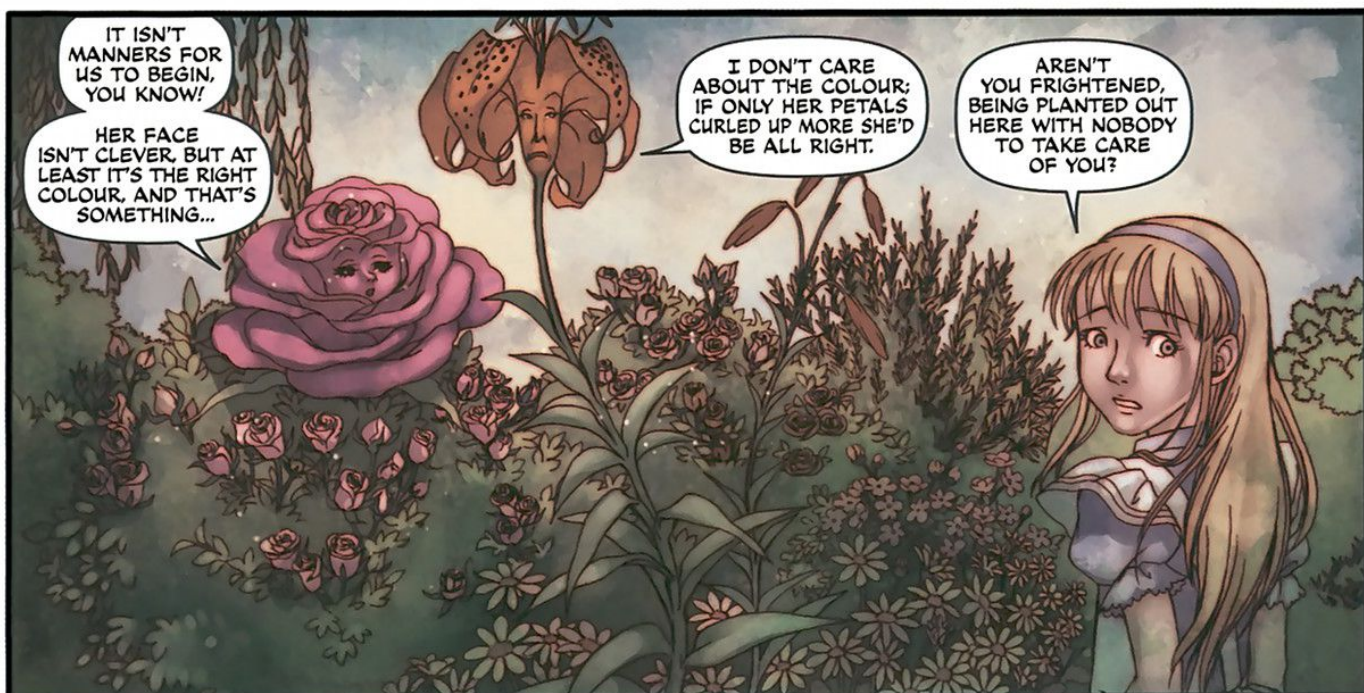
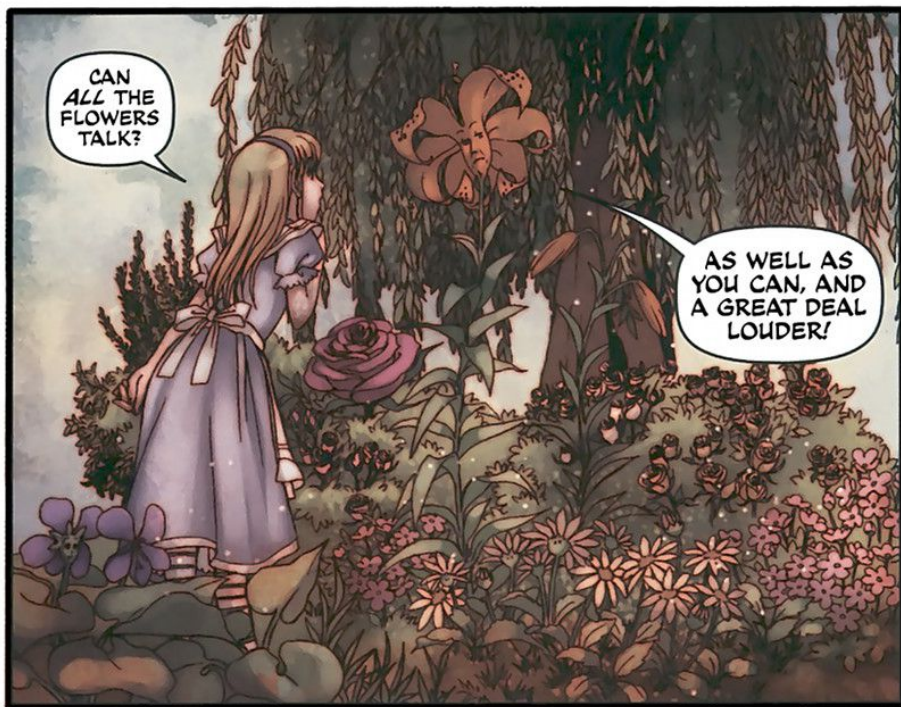
'And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!'
He chortled in his joy.

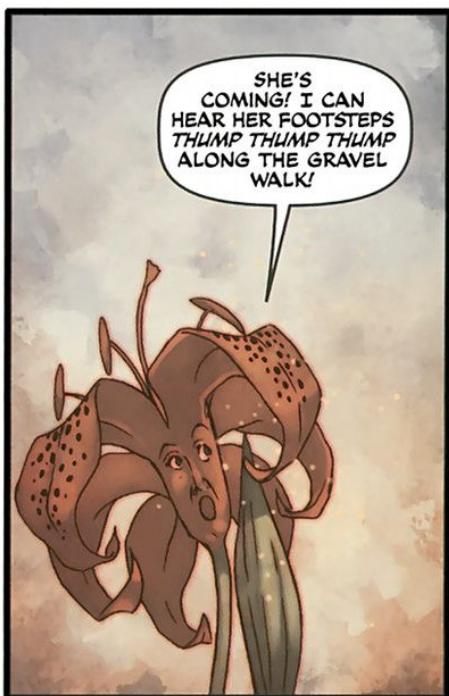
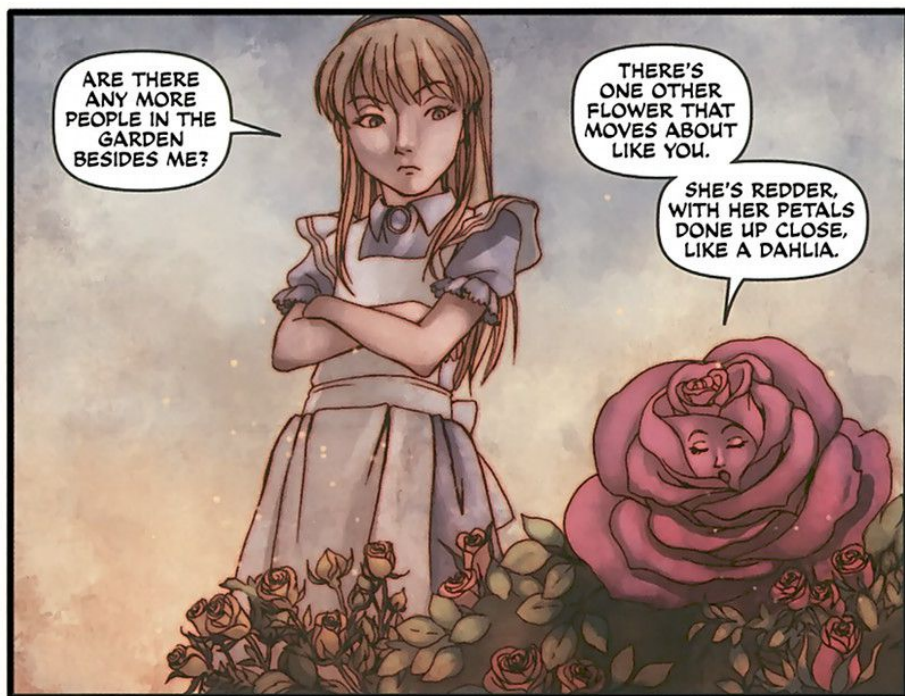
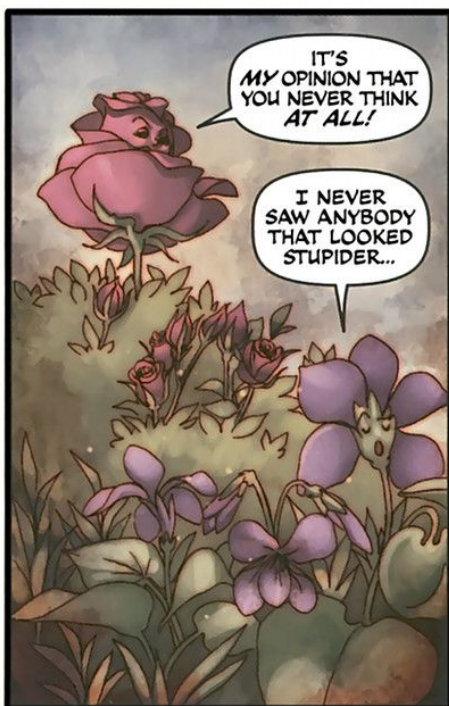
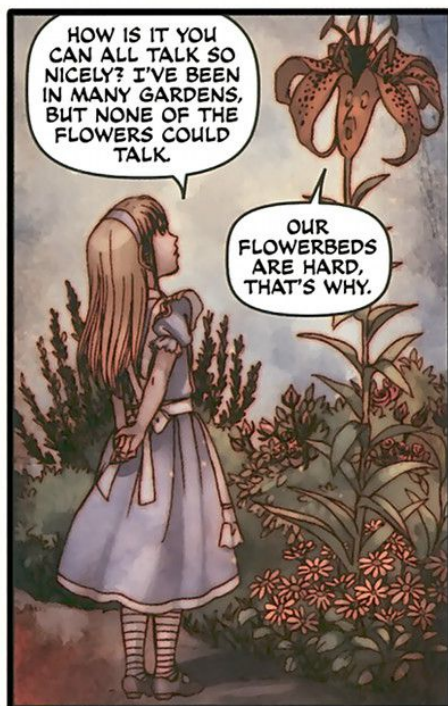
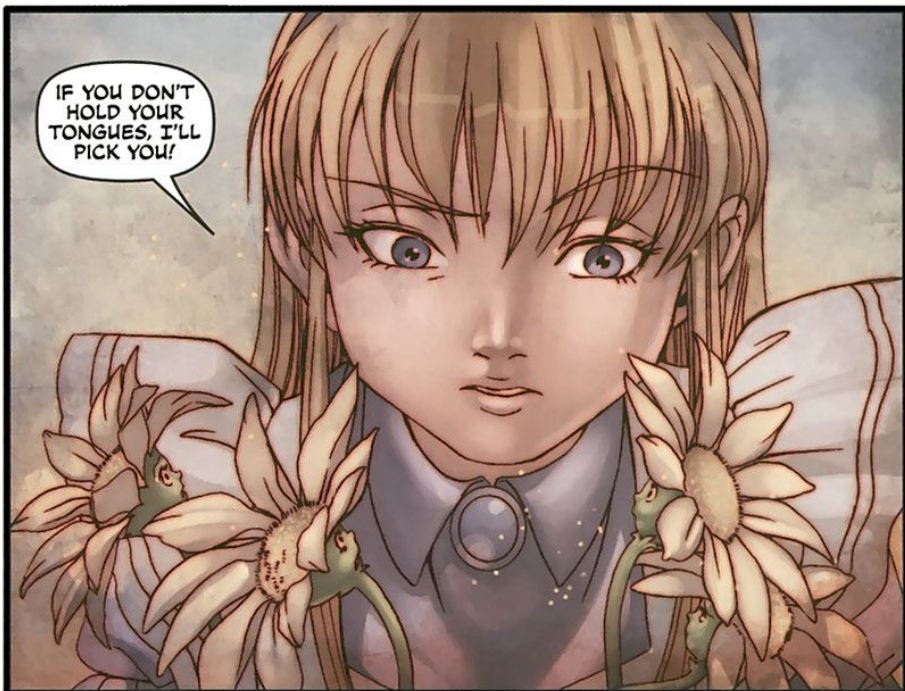
'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

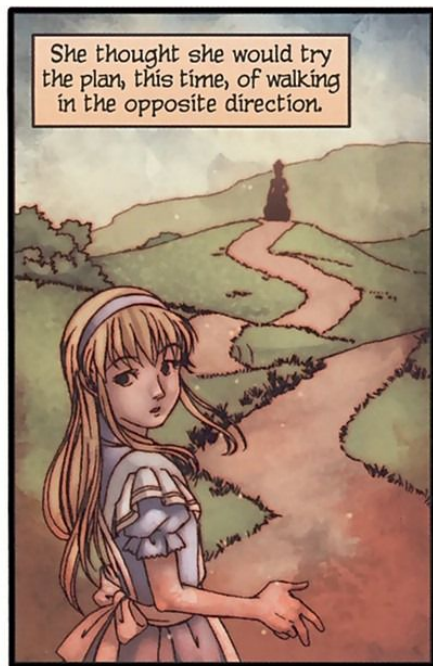
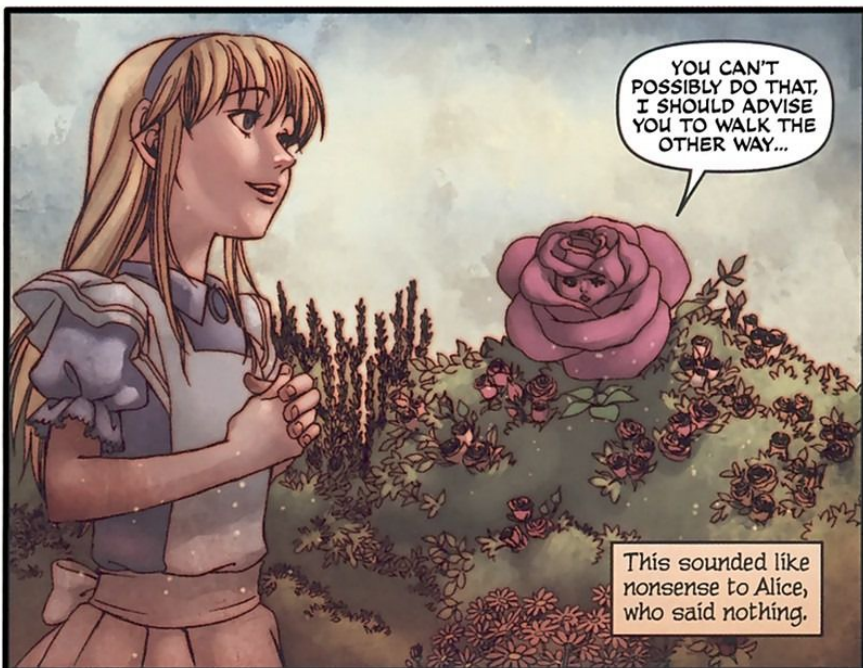












Alice wondered a little at this, but was too much in awe of the Queen to disbelieve it.

"I'll try it when I go home" she thought to herself, "The next time I'm a little late for dinner"

I ONLY WANTED TO SEE WHAT THE GARDEN WAS LIKE YOUR MAJESTY...

THAT'S RIGHT. THOUGH WHEN YOU SAY "GARDEN"--I'VE SEEN GARDENS, COMPARED WITH WHICH *THIS* WOULD BE A WILDERNESS.

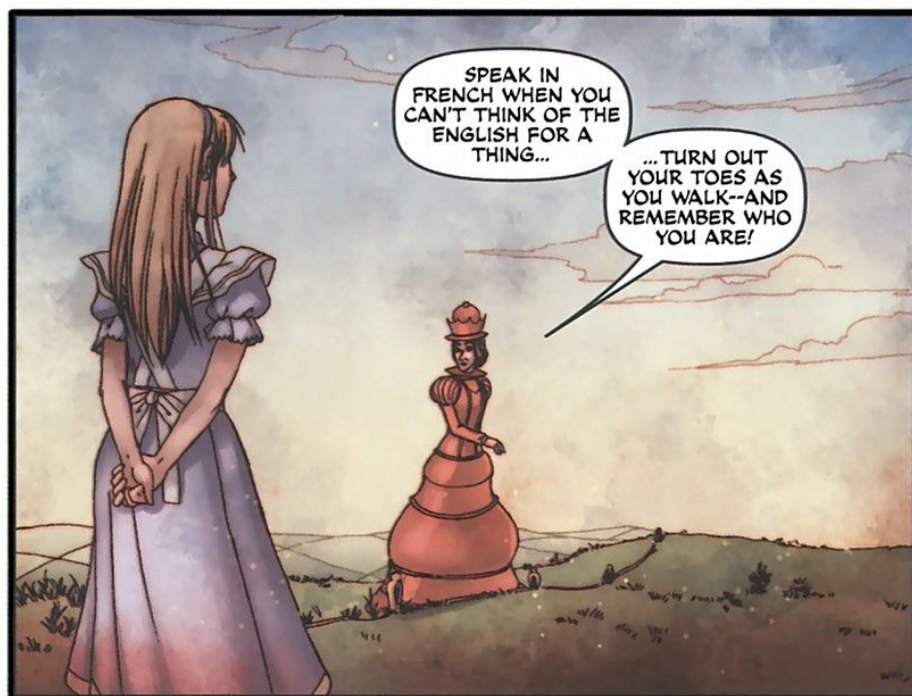
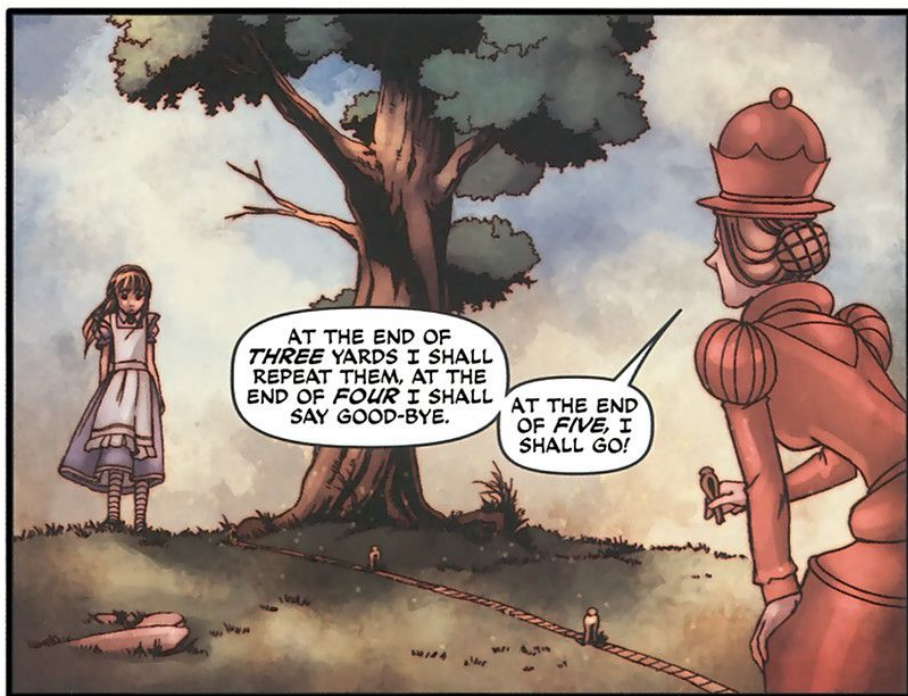
...AND I THOUGHT I'D TRY AND FIND MY WAY TO THE TOP OF THAT HILL...

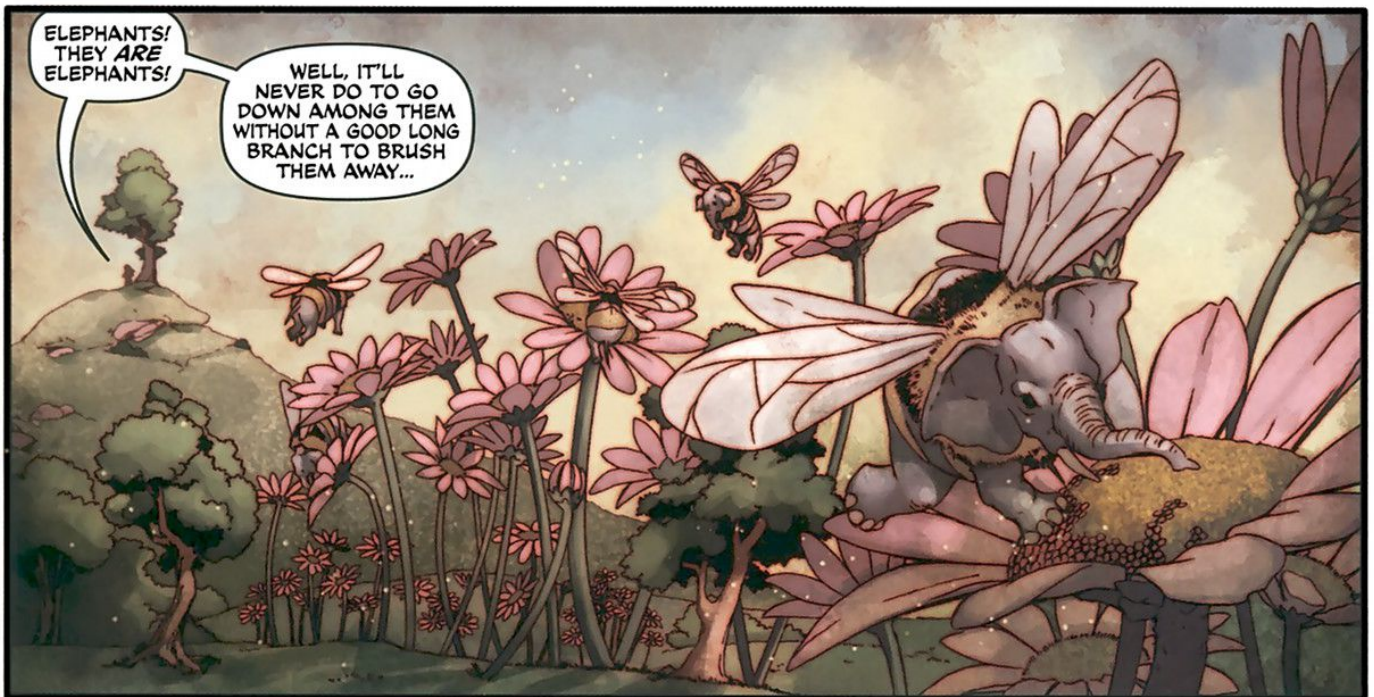
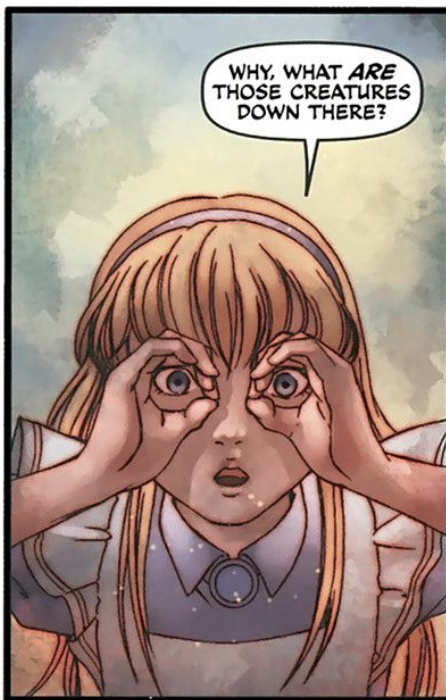
WHEN YOU SAY "HILL", I COULD SHOW YOU HILLS, IN COMPARISON WITH WHICH YOU'D CALL *THAT* A VALLEY.

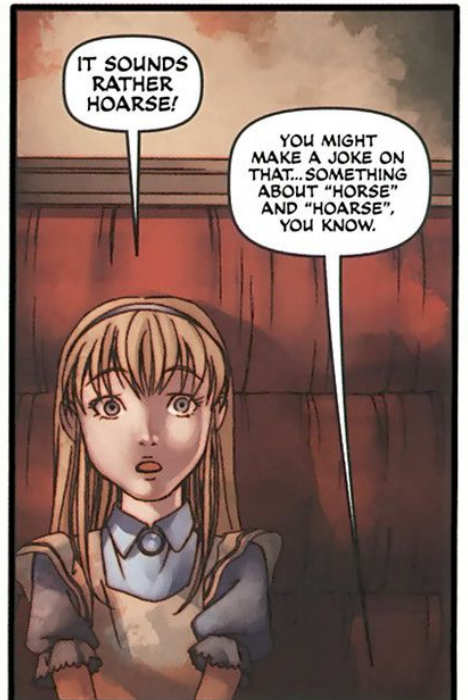
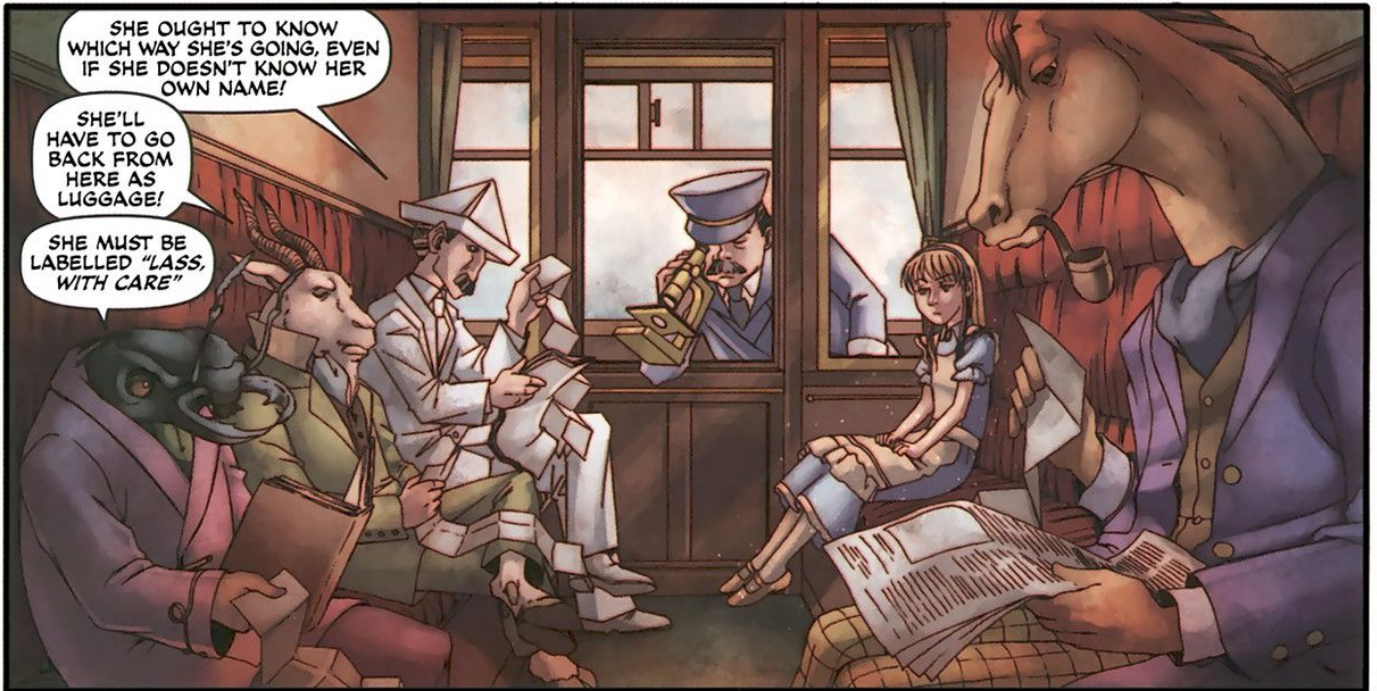
NO I SHOULDN'T. A HILL *CAN'T* BE A VALLEY, YOU KNOW. THAT WOULD BE NONSENSE!

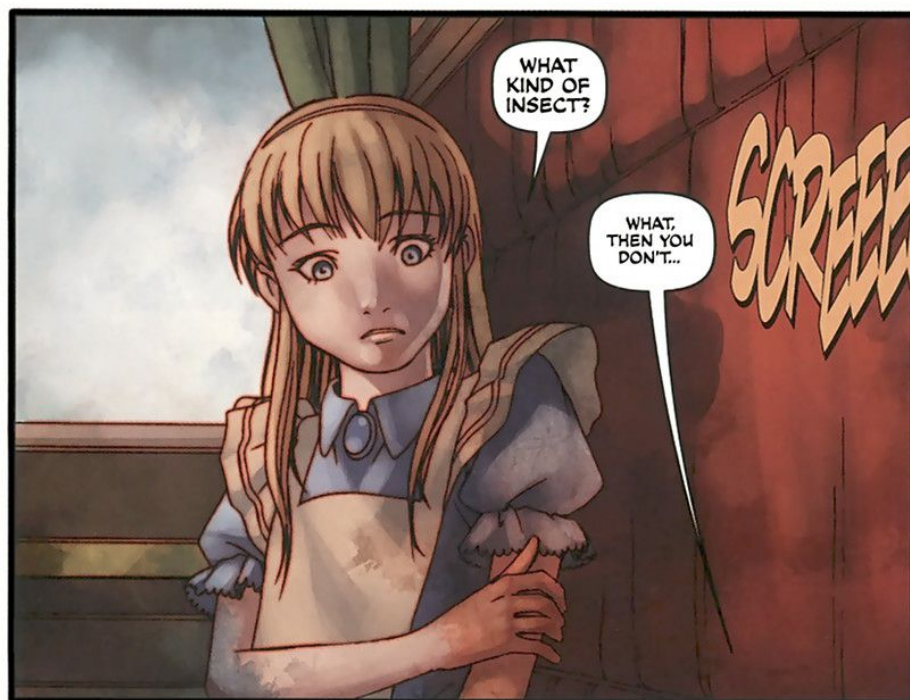
YOU MAY CALL IT NONSENSE IF YOU LIKE, BUT I'VE HEARD NONSENSE, COMPARED WITH WHICH, THAT WOULD BE AS SENSIBLE AS A DICTIONARY!







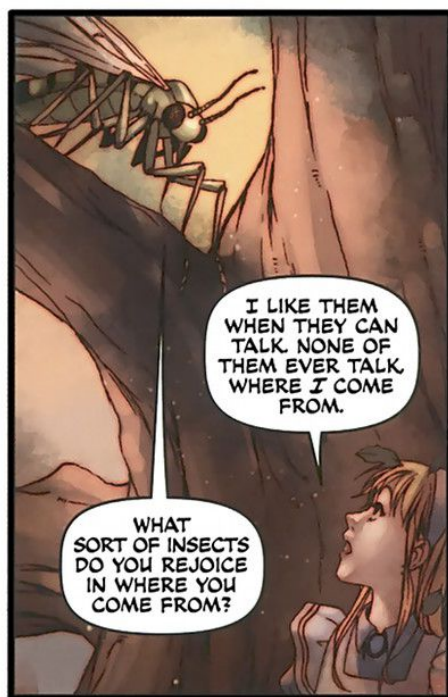






THEN
YOU DON'T
LIKE **ALL**
INSECTS?

WHUMMP



I LIKE THEM
WHEN THEY CAN
TALK. NONE OF
THEM EVER TALK
WHERE I COME
FROM.

WHAT
SORT OF INSECTS
DO YOU REJOICE
IN WHERE YOU
COME FROM?



I DON'T
REJOICE IN INSECTS
AT ALL, BECAUSE I'M
RATHER AFRAID OF
THEM. AT LEAST THE
LARGE KINDS...

...BUT
I CAN TELL
YOU THE NAMES
OF SOME OF
THEM.



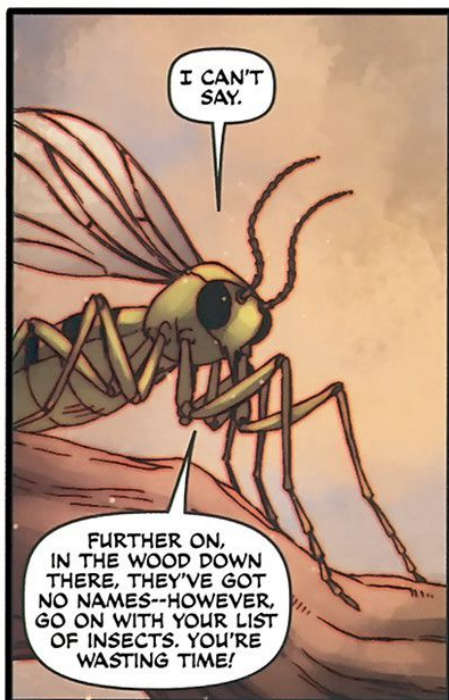
OF COURSE THEY ANSWER TO THEIR NAMES?

I-I NEVER KNEW THEM TO.



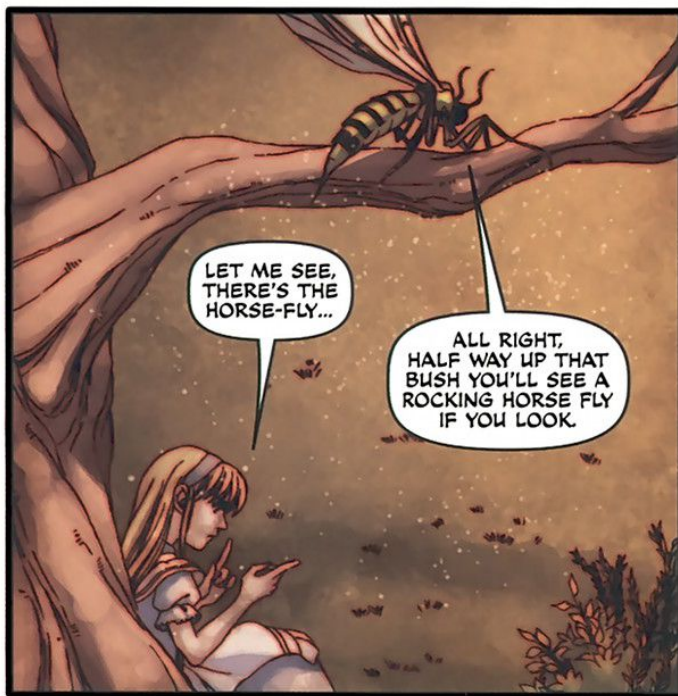
WHAT'S THE USE OF THEIR HAVING NAMES IF THEY WON'T ANSWER TO THEM?

NO USE TO *THEM* I SUPPOSE. IF NOT, WHY DO THINGS HAVE NAMES AT ALL?



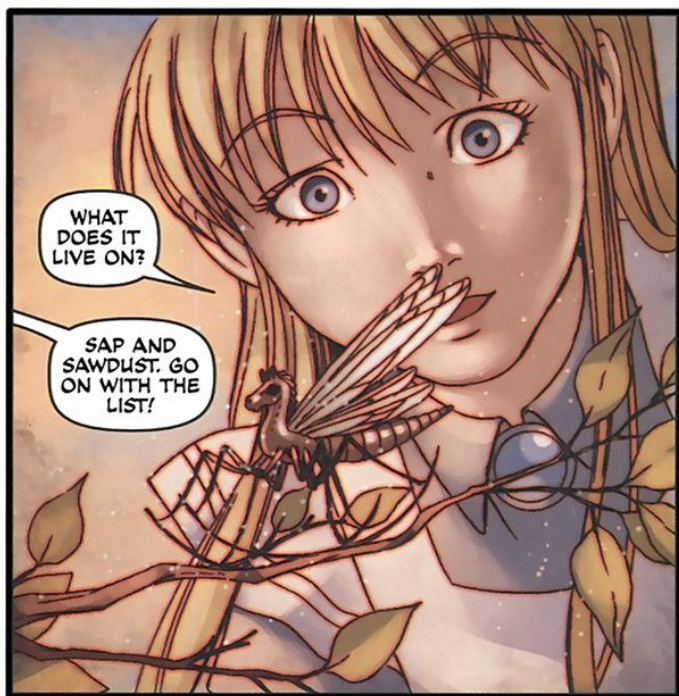
I CAN'T SAY.

FURTHER ON, IN THE WOOD DOWN THERE, THEY'VE GOT NO NAMES--HOWEVER, GO ON WITH YOUR LIST OF INSECTS. YOU'RE WASTING TIME!



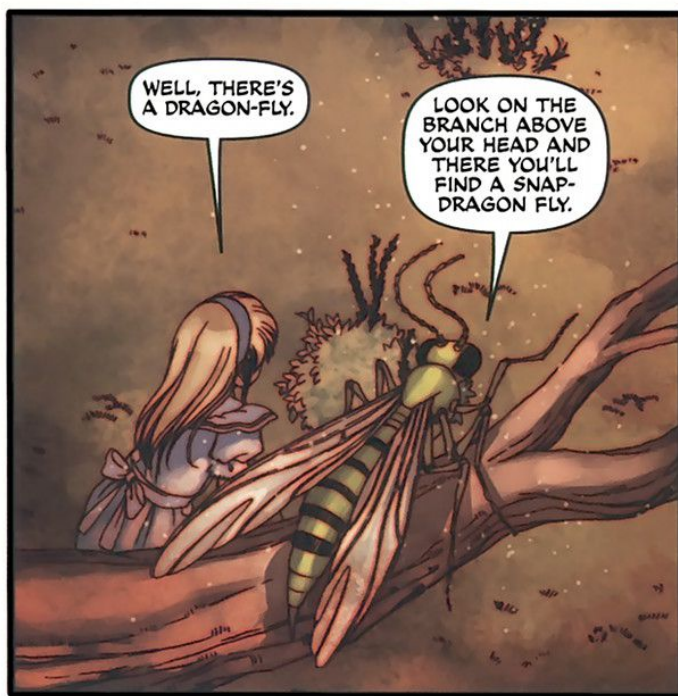
LET ME SEE, THERE'S THE HORSE-FLY...

ALL RIGHT, HALF WAY UP THAT BUSH YOU'LL SEE A ROCKING HORSE FLY IF YOU LOOK.



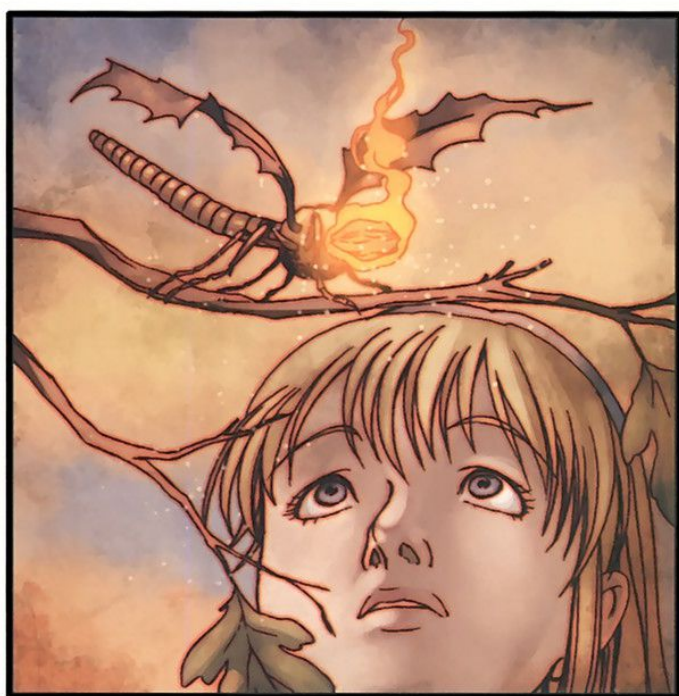
WHAT DOES IT LIVE ON?

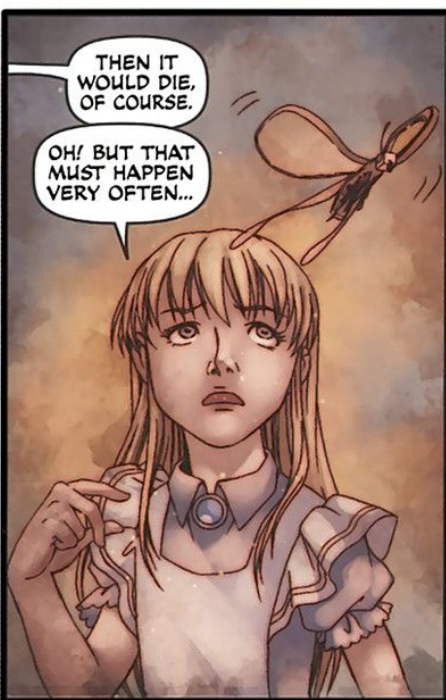
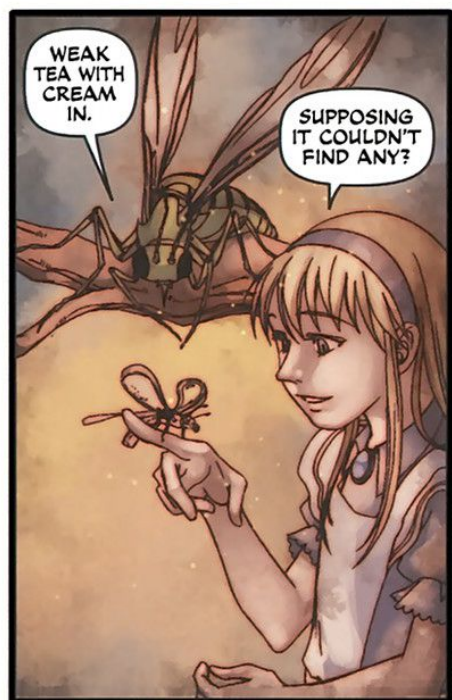
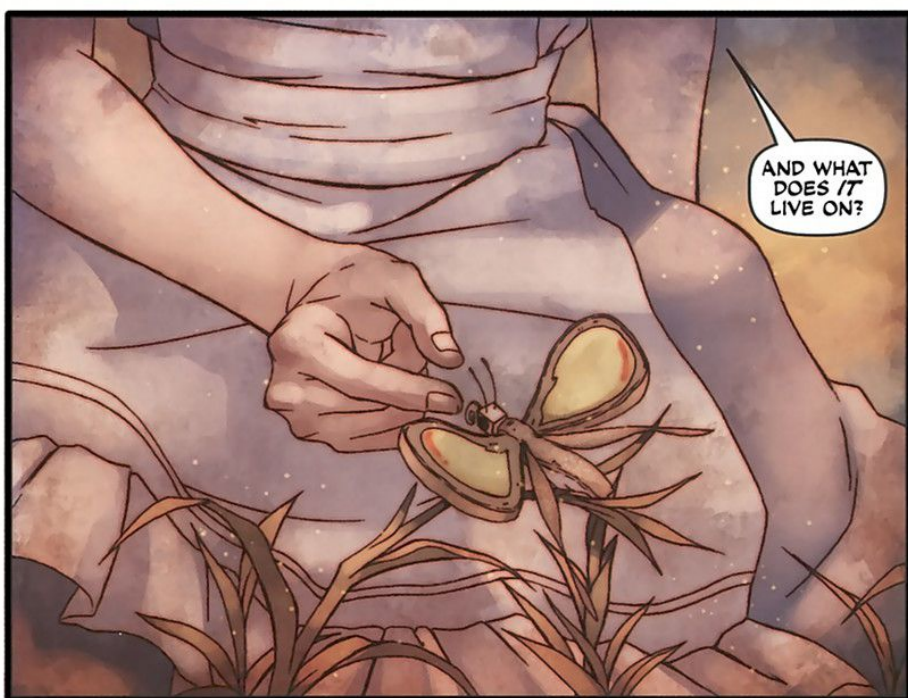
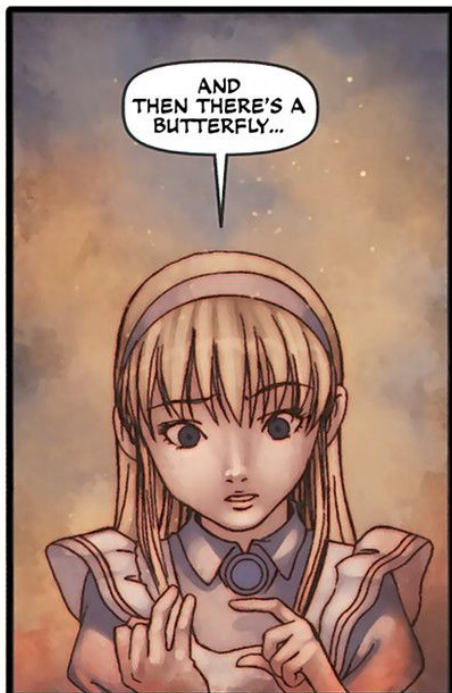
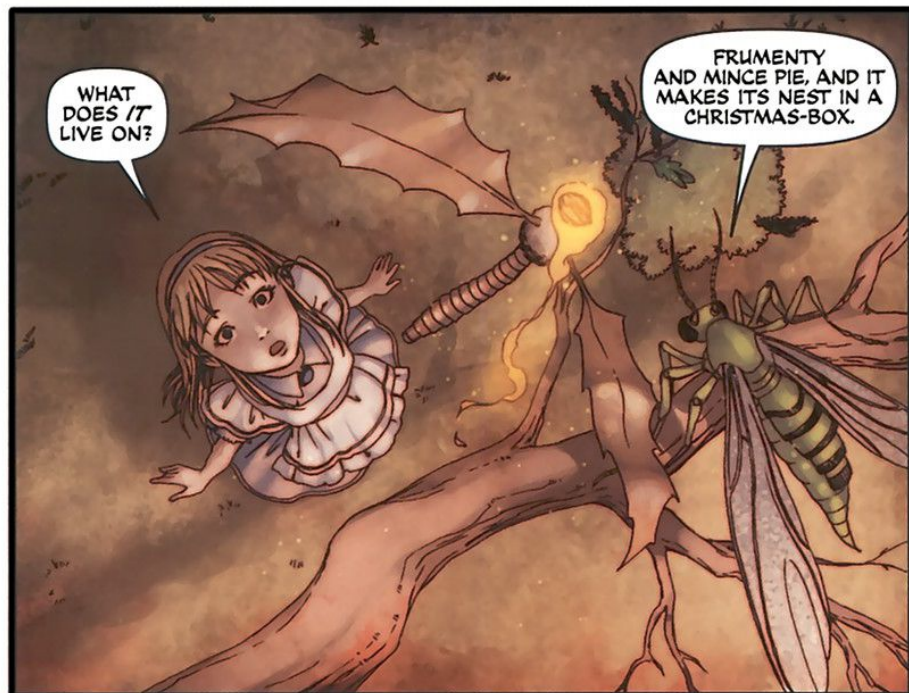
SAP AND SAWDUST. GO ON WITH THE LIST!

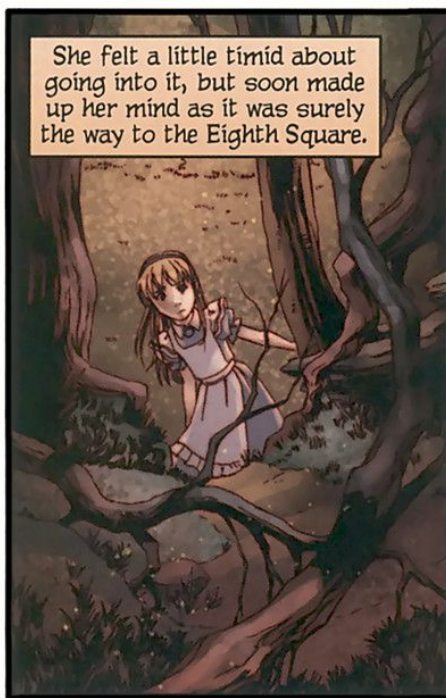
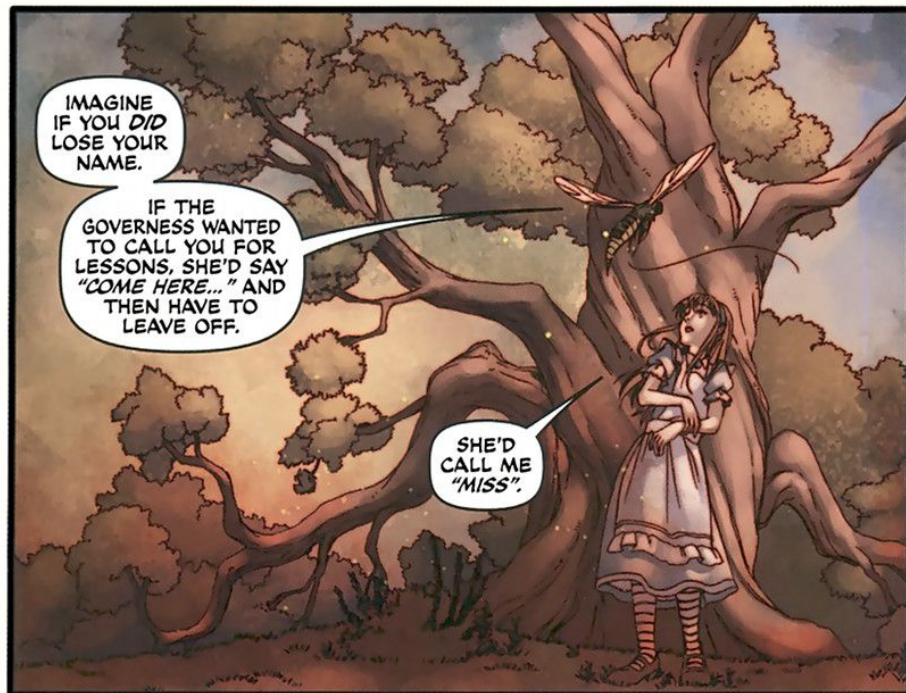


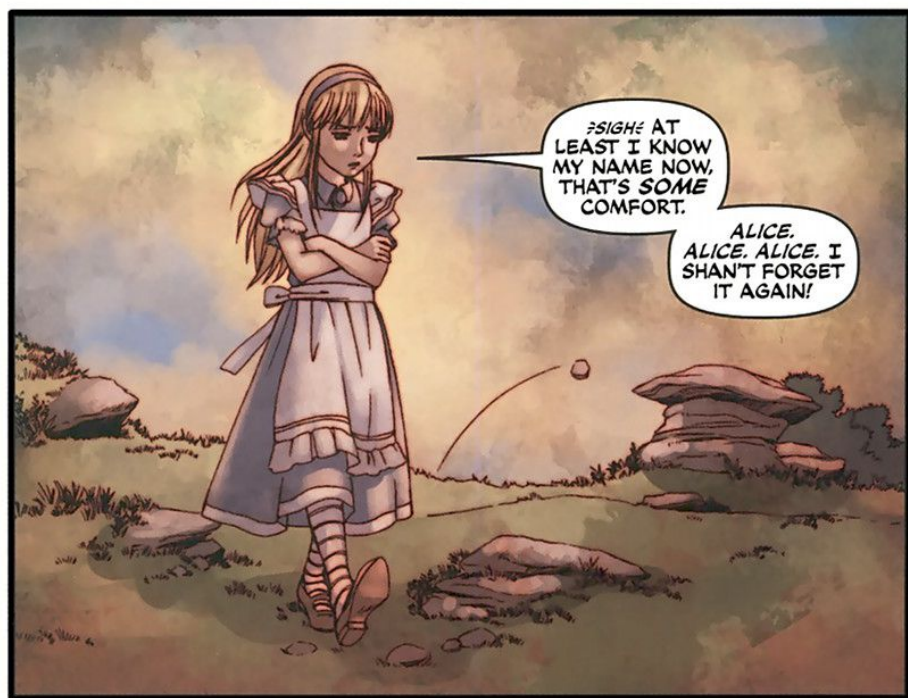
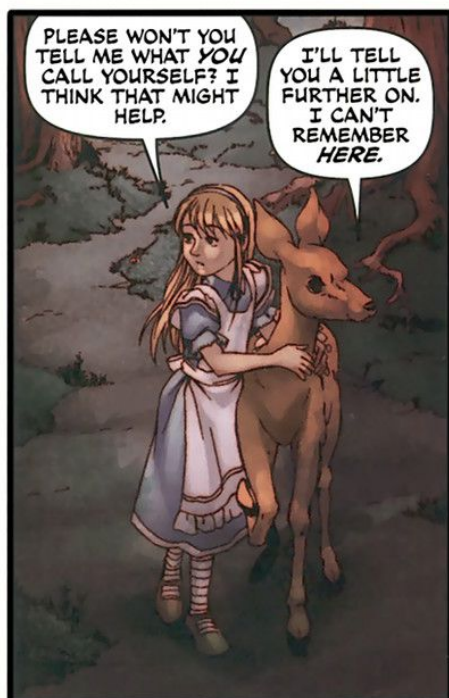
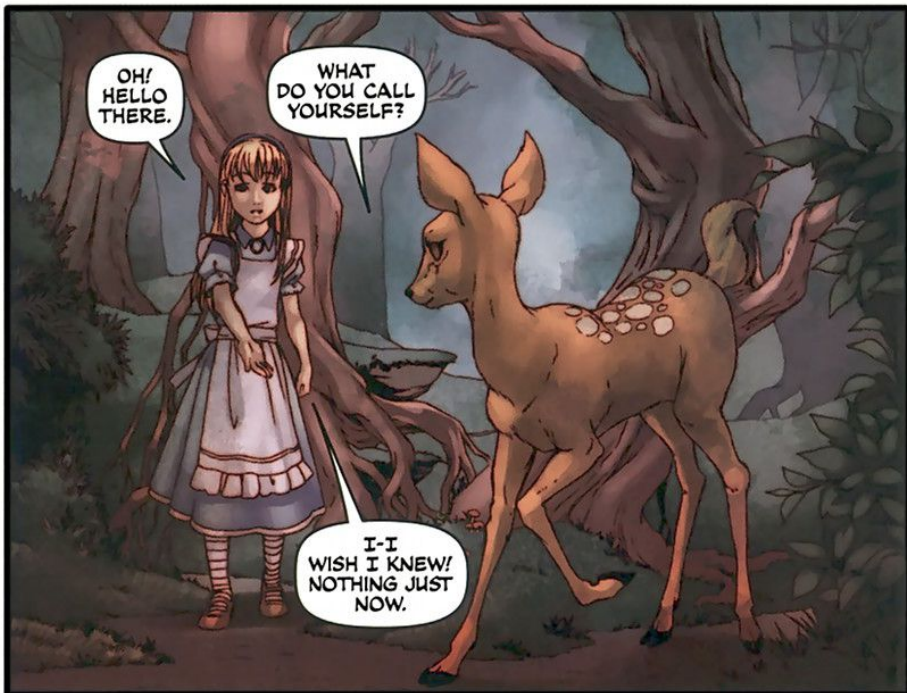
WELL, THERE'S A DRAGON-FLY.

LOOK ON THE BRANCH ABOVE YOUR HEAD AND THERE YOU'LL FIND A SNAP-DRAGON FLY.











Alice went on and on, a long way, but wherever the road divided there were sure to be two finger-posts pointing the same way.



OH! YOU MUST BE...



...TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE! NOW HOW DOES THE RHYME GO?

"TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE / AGREED TO HAVE A BATTLE; / FOR TWEEDLEDUM SAID TWEEDLEDEE / HAD SPOILED HIS NICE NEW RATTLE."

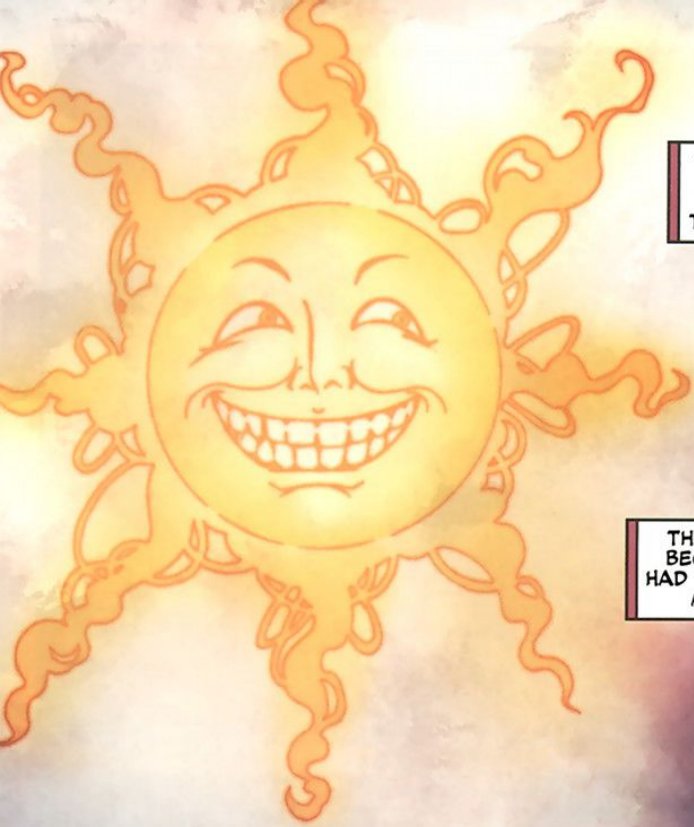


JUST THEN FLEW DOWN A MONSTROUS CROW, / AS BLACK AS A TAR-BARREL; / WHICH FRIGHTENED BOTH THE HEROES SO, / THEY QUITE FORGOT THEIR QUARREL."



IF YOU THINK WE'RE WAX-WORKS YOU OUGHT TO PAY, YOU KNOW. WAX-WORKS WEREN'T MADE TO BE LOOKED AT FOR NOTHING. NOHOW!





THE SUN WAS SHINING ON THE SEA,
SHINING WITH ALL HIS MIGHT:
HE DID HIS VERY BEST TO MAKE
THE BILLOWS SMOOTH AND BRIGHT--



AND THIS WAS ODD, BECAUSE IT WAS
THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

THE MOON WAS SHINING SULKILY,
BECAUSE SHE THOUGHT THE SUN
HAD GOT NO BUSINESS TO BE THERE
AFTER THE DAY WAS DONE--



"IT'S VERY RUDE OF HIM," SHE SAID,
"TO COME AND SPOIL THE FUN!"

THE SEA WAS WET AS WET COULD BE,
THE SANDS WERE DRY AS DRY.
YOU COULD NOT SEE A CLOUD, BECAUSE
NO CLOUD WAS IN THE SKY:

NO BIRDS WERE FLYING OVER HEAD--
THERE WERE NO BIRDS TO FLY.





THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER
WERE WALKING CLOSE AT HAND;
THEY WEPT LIKE ANYTHING TO SEE
SUCH QUANTITIES OF SAND:

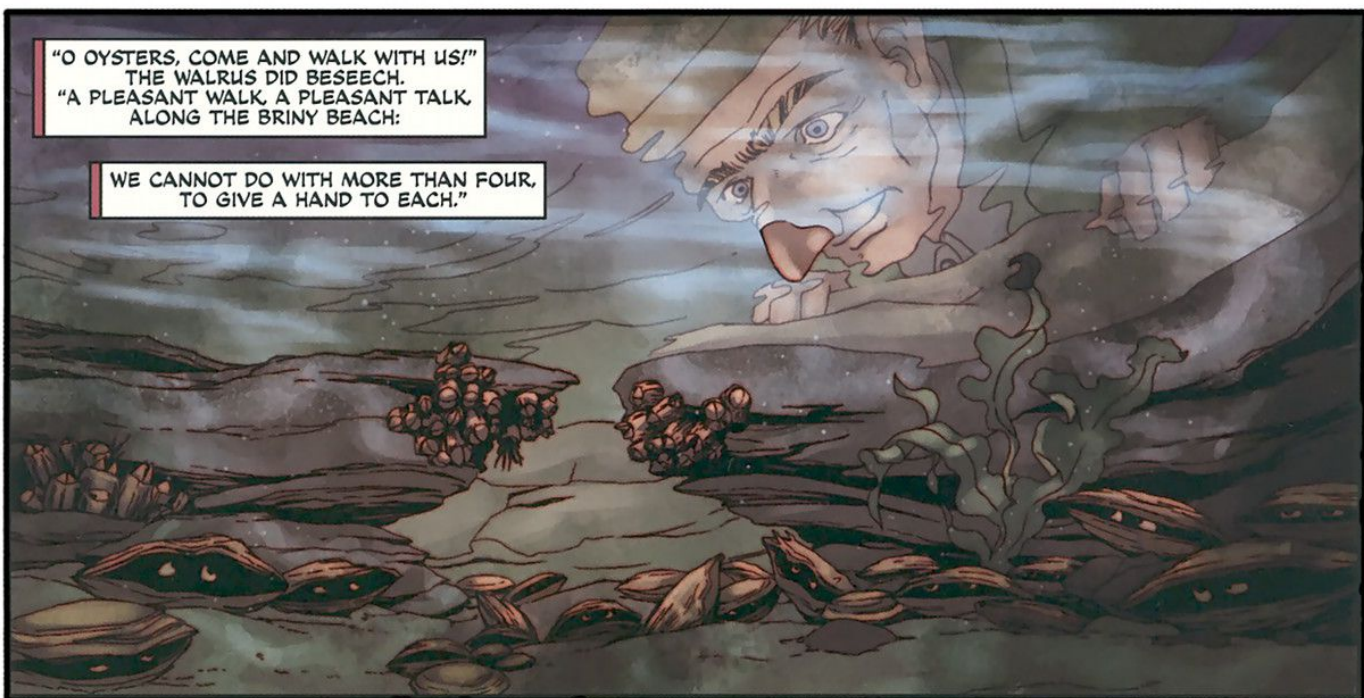
"IF THIS WERE ONLY CLEARED AWAY,"
THEY SAID, "IT WOULD BE GRAND!"



"IF SEVEN MAIDS WITH SEVEN MOPS
SWEEPED IT FOR HALF A YEAR,
DO YOU SUPPOSE," THE WALRUS SAID,
"THAT THEY COULD GET IT CLEAR?"



"I DOUBT IT," SAID THE CARPENTER,
AND SHED A BITTER TEAR.



"O OYSTERS, COME AND WALK WITH US!"
THE WALRUS DID BESEECH.
"A PLEASANT WALK, A PLEASANT TALK,
ALONG THE BRINY BEACH:

WE CANNOT DO WITH MORE THAN FOUR,
TO GIVE A HAND TO EACH."

THE ELDEST OYSTER LOOKED AT HIM.
BUT NEVER A WORD HE SAID:
THE ELDEST OYSTER WINKED HIS EYE,
AND SHOOK HIS HEAVY HEAD--

MEANING TO SAY HE DID NOT CHOOSE
TO LEAVE THE OYSTER-BED.



BUT FOUR YOUNG OYSTERS HURRIED UP,
ALL EAGER FOR THE TREAT:
THEIR COATS WERE BRUSHED, THEIR FACES WASHED,
THEIR SHOES WERE CLEAN AND NEAT--



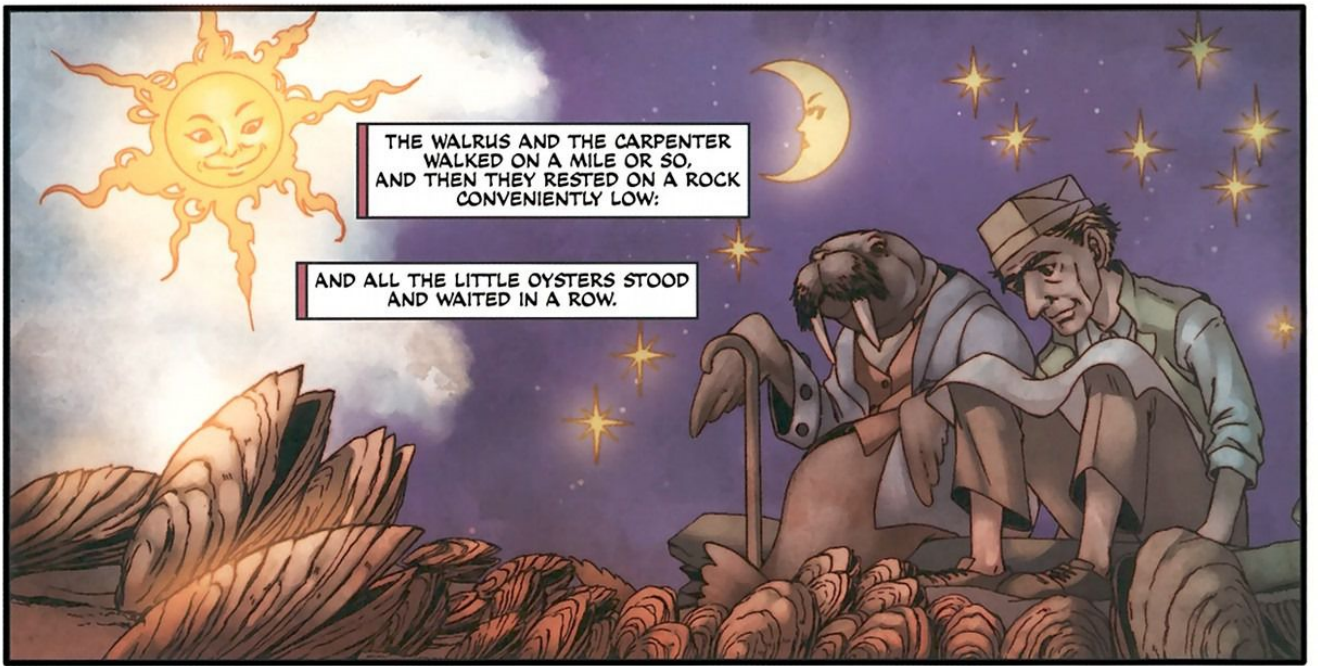
AND THIS WAS ODD, BECAUSE, YOU KNOW,
THEY HADN'T ANY FEET.



FOUR OTHER OYSTERS FOLLOWED THEM,
AND YET ANOTHER FOUR;
AND THICK AND FAST THEY CAME AT LAST,
AND MORE, AND MORE, AND MORE--

ALL HOPPING THROUGH THE FROTHY WAVES,
AND SCRAMBLING TO THE SHORE.





THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER
WALKED ON A MILE OR SO,
AND THEN THEY RESTED ON A ROCK
CONVENIENTLY LOW:

AND ALL THE LITTLE OYSTERS STOOD
AND WAITED IN A ROW.



"THE TIME HAS COME," THE WALRUS SAID,
"TO TALK OF MANY THINGS:
OF SHOES--AND SHIPS--AND SEALING-WAX--
OF CABBAGES--AND KINGS--

AND WHY THE SEA IS BOILING HOT--
AND WHETHER PIGS HAVE WINGS."



"BUT WAIT A BIT," THE OYSTERS CRIED,
"BEFORE WE HAVE OUR CHAT;
FOR SOME OF US ARE OUT OF BREATH,
AND ALL OF US ARE FAT!"



"NO HURRY!" SAID THE CARPENTER.
THEY THANKED HIM MUCH FOR THAT.

"A LOAF OF BREAD," THE WALRUS SAID,
"IS WHAT WE CHIEFLY NEED:
PEPPER AND VINEGAR BESIDES
ARE VERY GOOD INDEED--"



NOW IF YOU'RE READY OYSTERS DEAR,
WE CAN BEGIN TO FEED."



"BUT NOT ON US!" THE OYSTERS CRIED,
TURNING A LITTLE BLUE,
"AFTER SUCH KINDNESS, THAT WOULD BE
A DISMAL THING TO DO!"

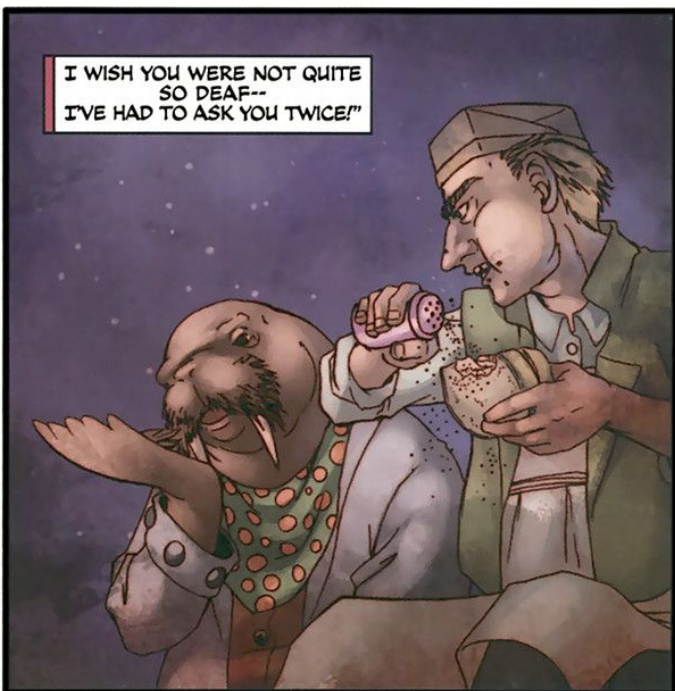


"THE NIGHT IS FINE,"
THE WALRUS SAID.
"DO YOU ADMIRE THE VIEW?"

"IT WAS SO KIND OF YOU
TO COME!
AND YOU ARE VERY NICE!"
THE CARPENTER SAID.
NOTHING BUT
"CUT US ANOTHER SLICE:"



I WISH YOU WERE NOT QUITE
SO DEAF--
I'VE HAD TO ASK YOU TWICE!"





IT SEEMS A SHAME," THE WALRUS SAID,
"TO PLAY THEM SUCH A TRICK,
AFTER WE'VE BROUGHT THEM OUT SO FAR,
AND MADE THEM TROT SO QUICK!"

THE CARPENTER SAID NOTHING BUT
"THE BUTTER'S SPREAD TOO THICK!"



"I WEEP FOR YOU," THE WALRUS SAID.
"I DEEPLY SYMPATHIZE."
WITH SOBS AND TEARS HE SORTED OUT
THOSE OF THE LARGEST SIZE.



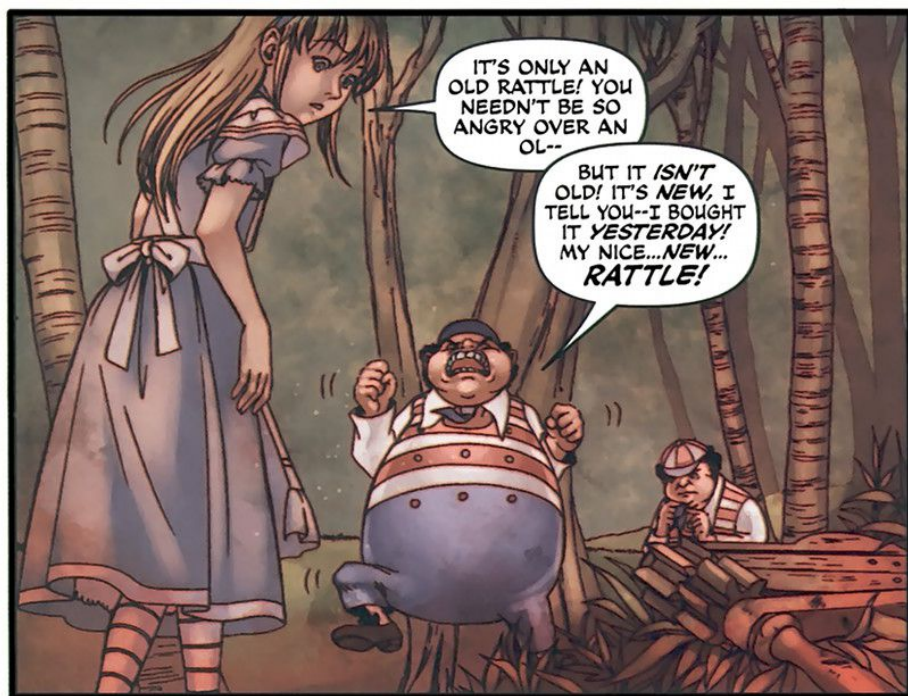
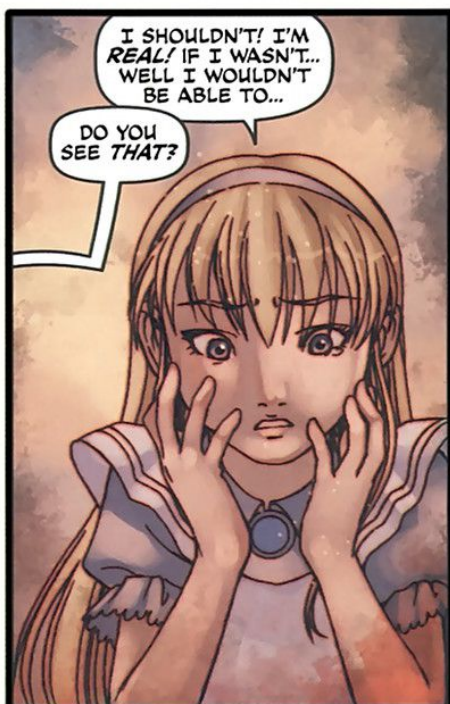
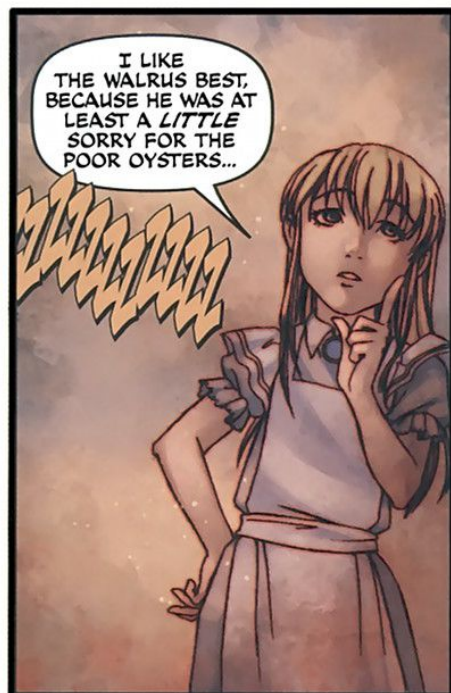
HOLDING HIS POCKET HANDKERCHIEF
BEFORE HIS STREAMING EYES.



"O OYSTERS," SAID THE CARPENTER.
"YOU'VE HAD A PLEASANT RUN!
SHALL WE BE TROTTING HOME AGAIN?"
BUT ANSWER CAME THERE NONE--



AND THAT WAS SCARCELY ODD, BECAUSE
THEY'D EATEN EVERY ONE.

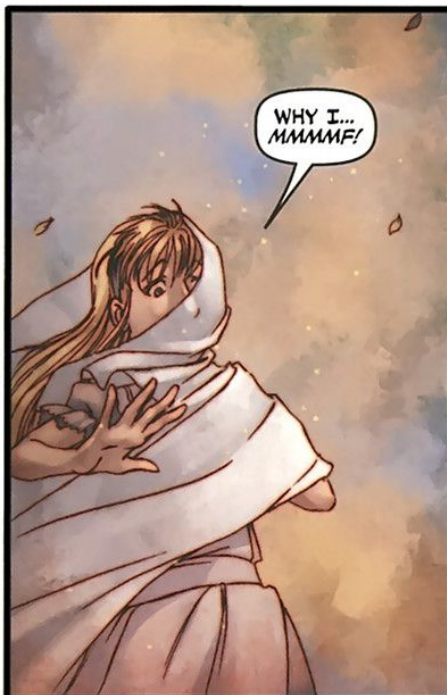






WELL I'M
SAFE HERE, IT CAN'T
GET PAST THOSE
TREES NOW.

I WISH IT
WOULDN'T FLAP ITS
WINGS SO! IT MAKES
QUITE A HURRICANE
IN THE WOOD...

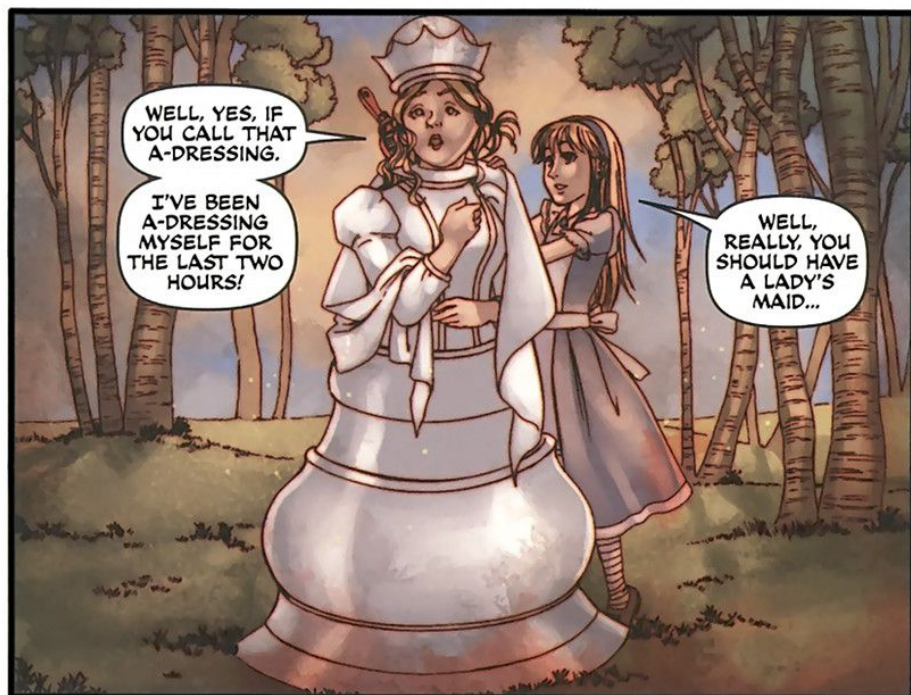


WHY I...
MMMMF!



BREAD-AND-BUTTER!
BREAD-AND-BUTTER!

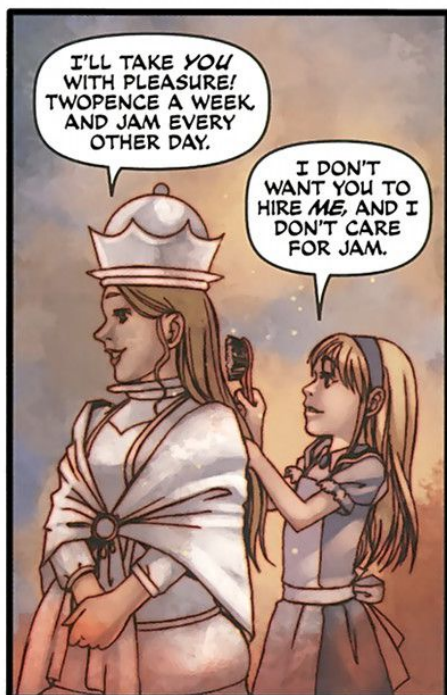
OH! AM I
ADDRESSING
THE WHITE
QUEEN?



WELL, YES, IF
YOU CALL THAT
A-DRESSING.

I'VE BEEN
A-DRESSING
MYSELF FOR
THE LAST TWO
HOURS!

WELL,
REALLY, YOU
SHOULD HAVE
A LADY'S
MAID...



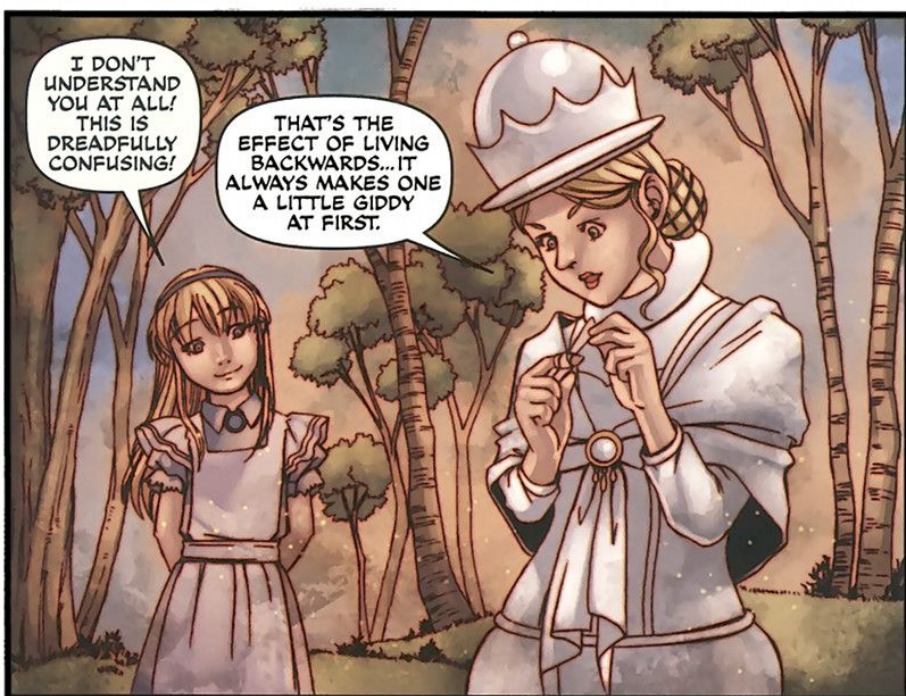
I'LL TAKE *YOU*
WITH PLEASURE!
TWO PENCE A WEEK,
AND JAM EVERY
OTHER DAY.

I DON'T
WANT YOU TO
HIRE *ME*, AND I
DON'T CARE
FOR JAM.



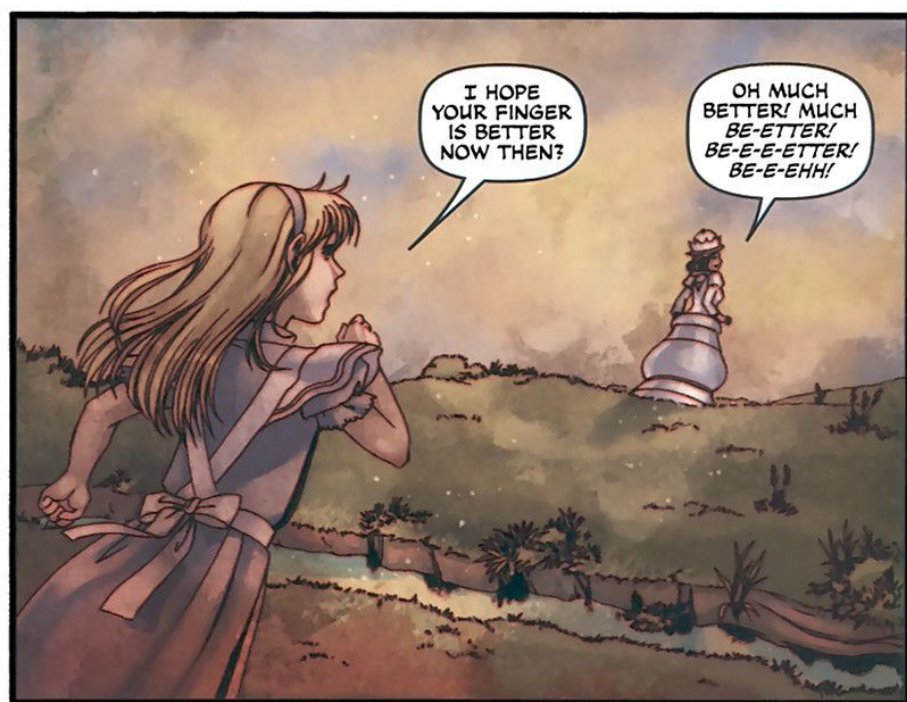
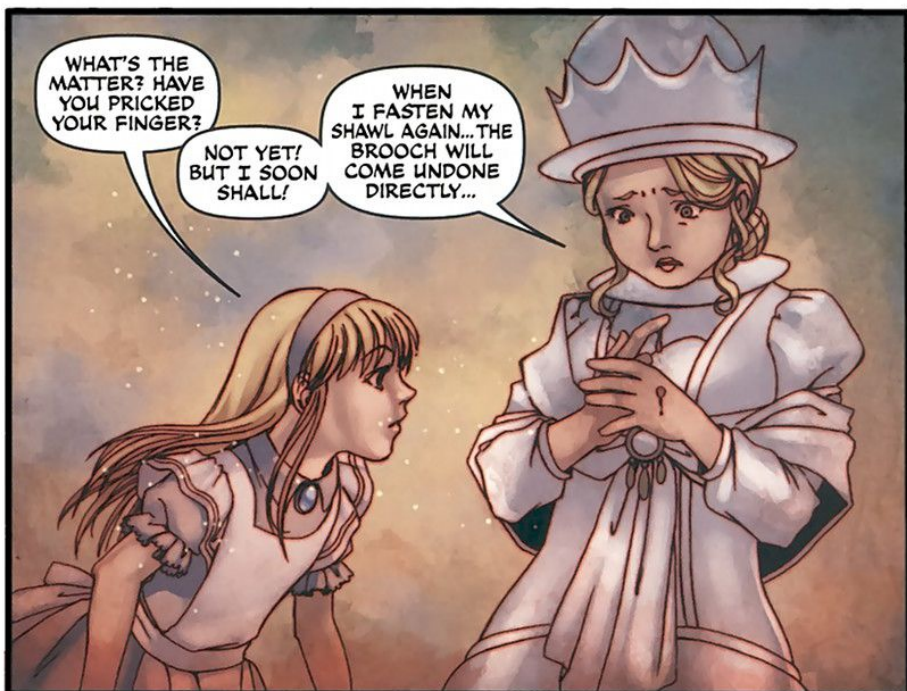
YOU COULDN'T HAVE JAM IF
YOU *DID* WANT IT! THE RULE
IS, JAM TO-MORROW AND JAM
YESTERDAY BUT NEVER
JAM *TO-DAY*!

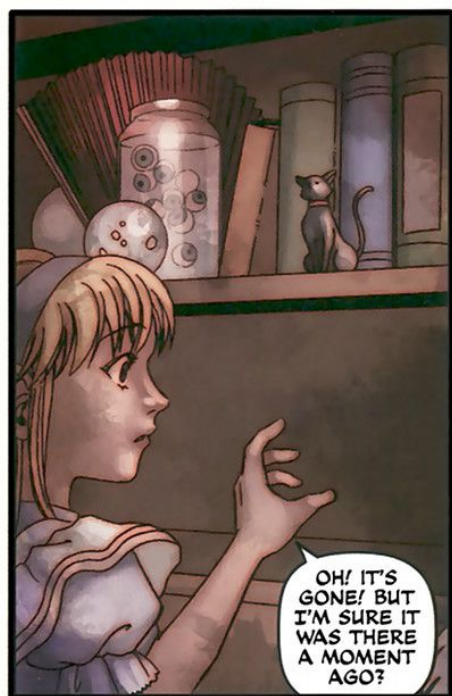
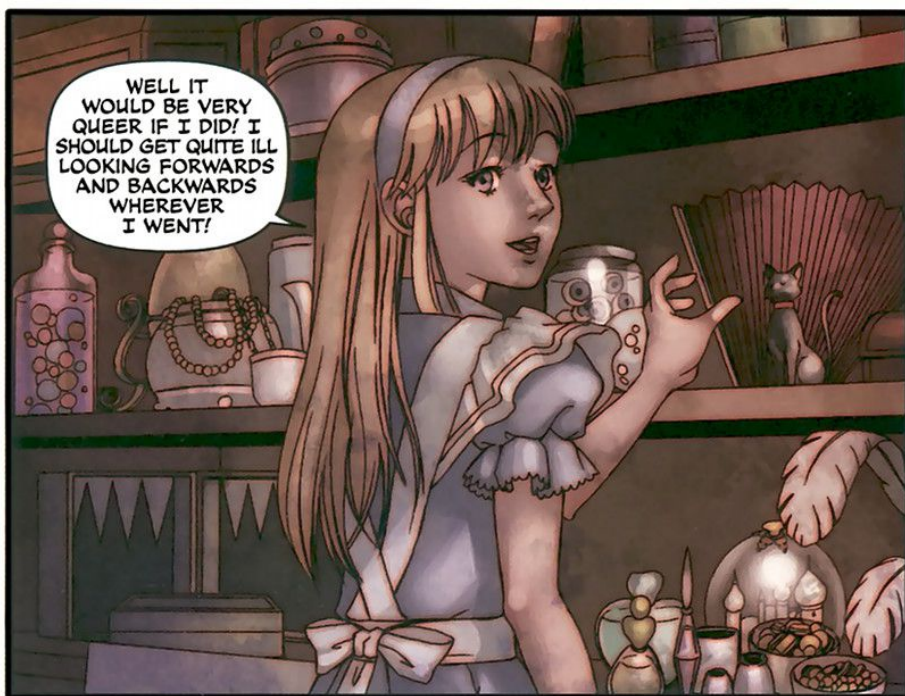
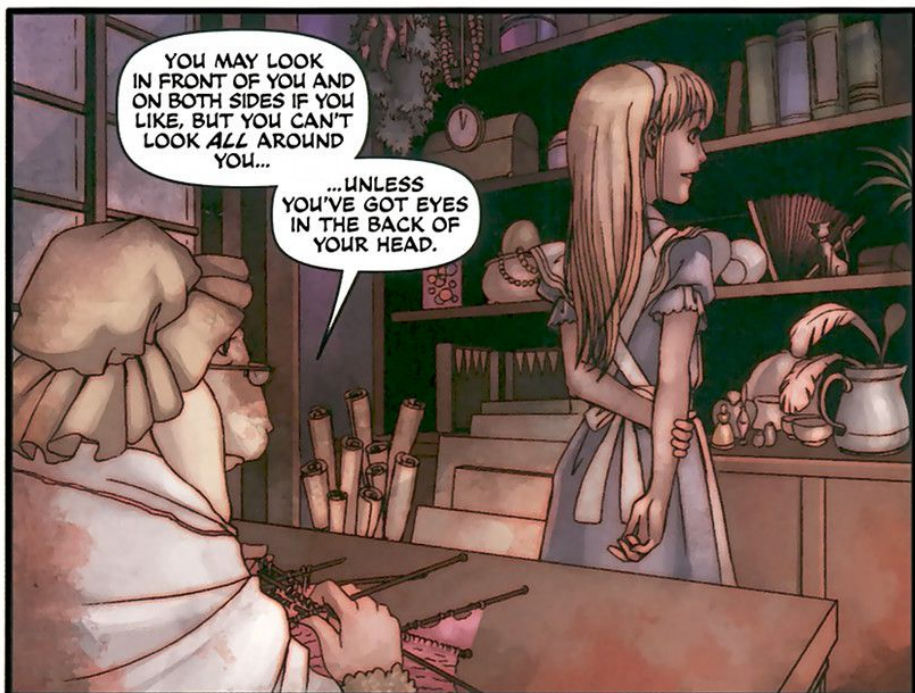
ITS JAM
EVERY *OTHER* DAY...
TO-DAY ISN'T ANY
OTHER DAY...

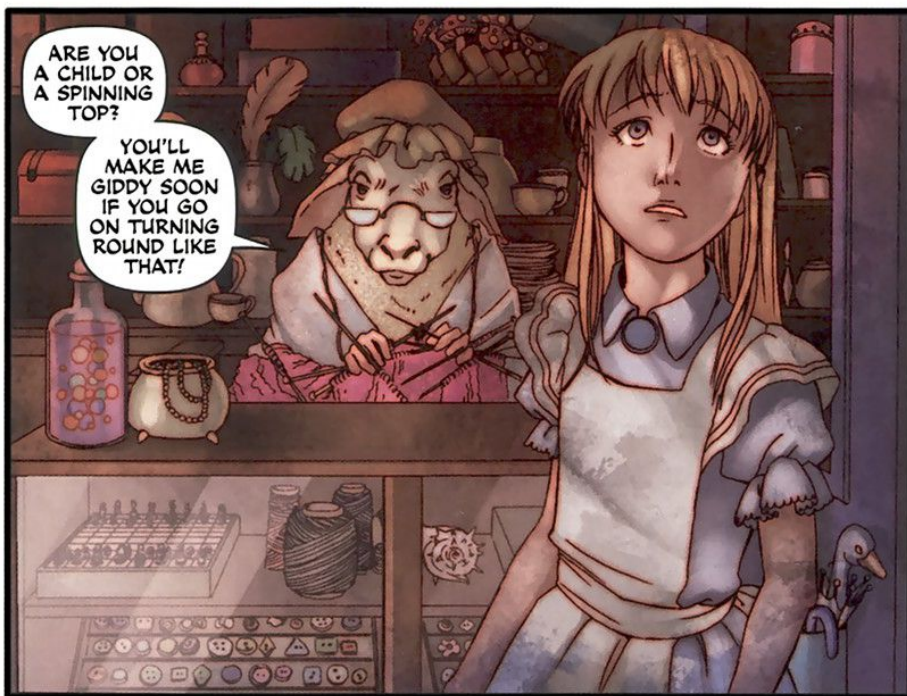
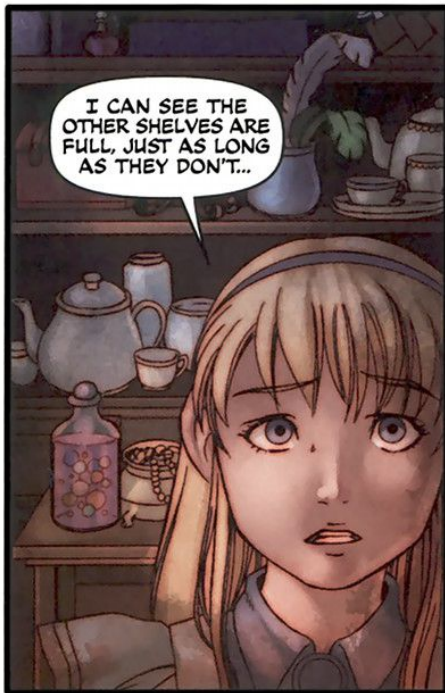


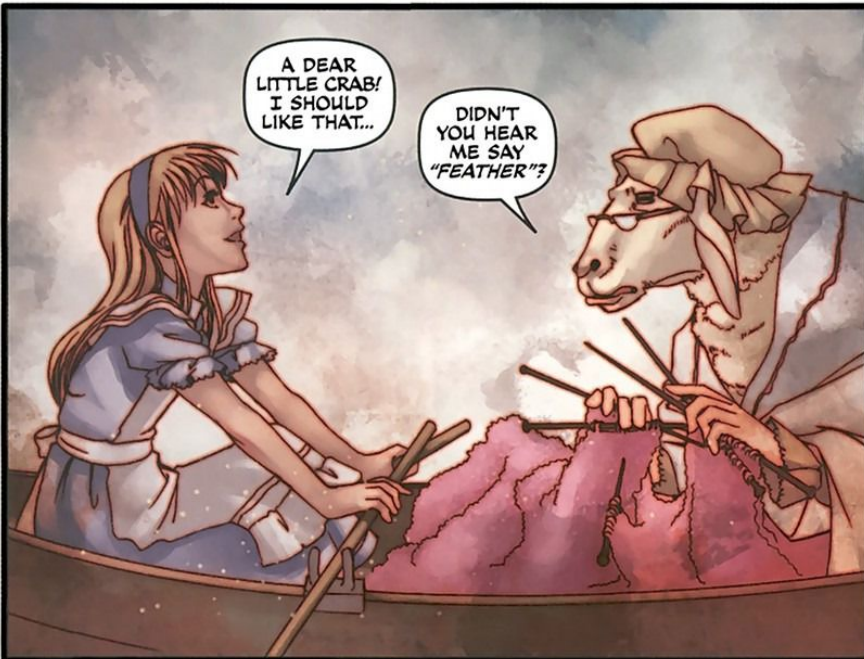
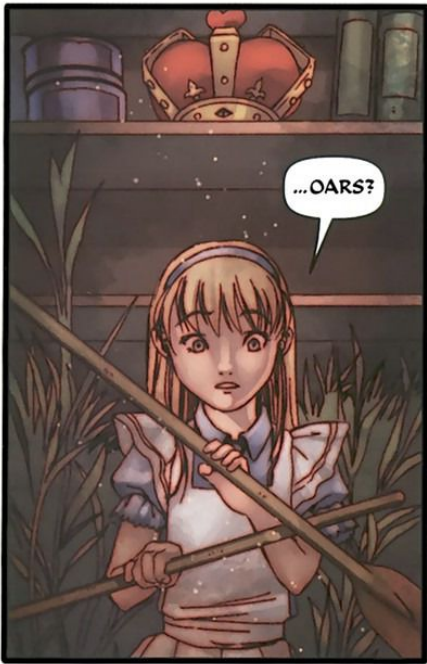
I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
YOU AT ALL!
THIS IS
DREADFULLY
CONFUSING!

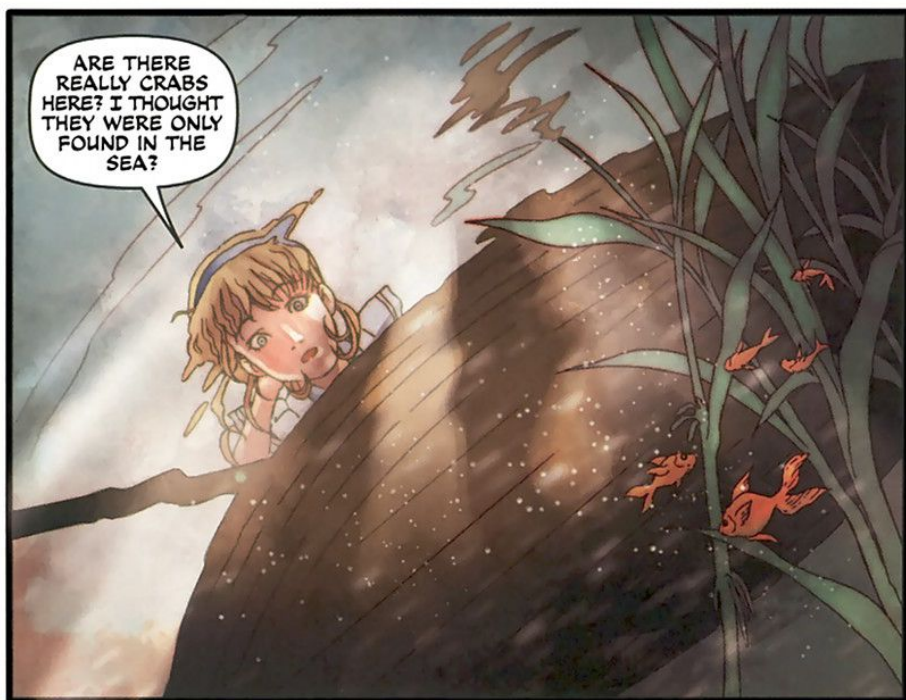
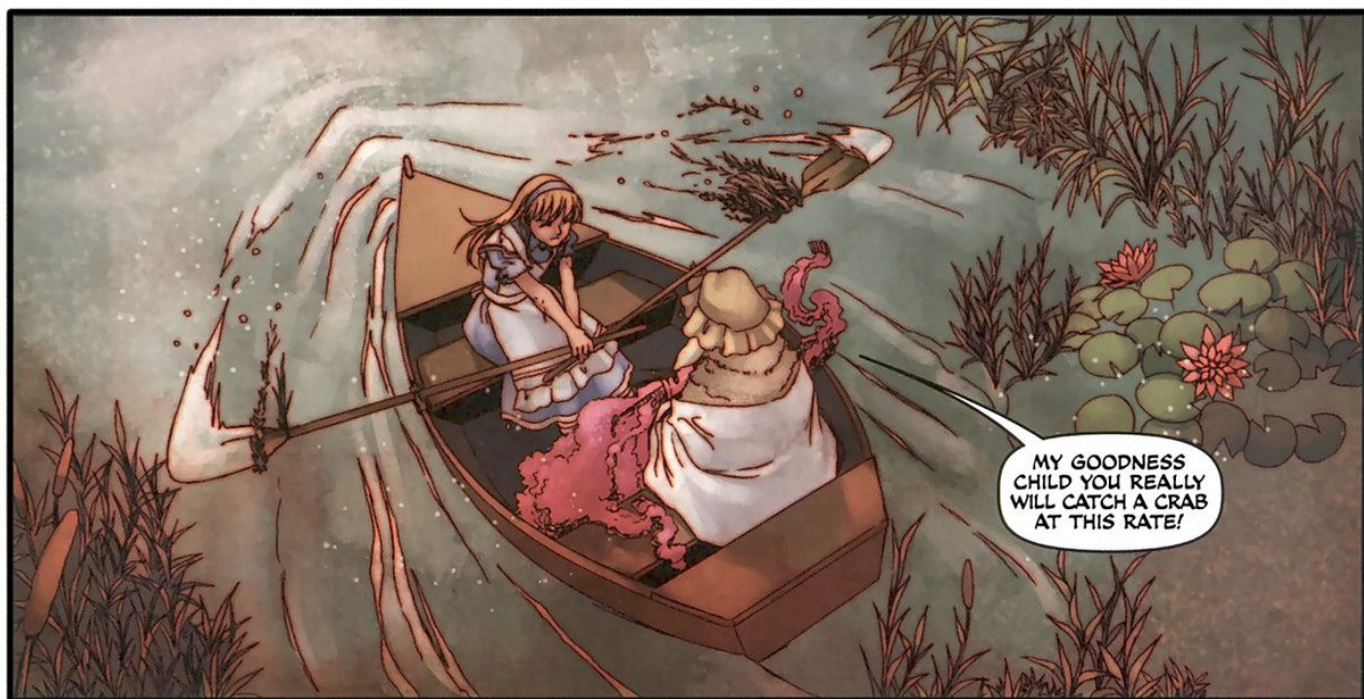
THAT'S THE
EFFECT OF LIVING
BACKWARDS...IT
ALWAYS MAKES ONE
A LITTLE GIDDY
AT FIRST.

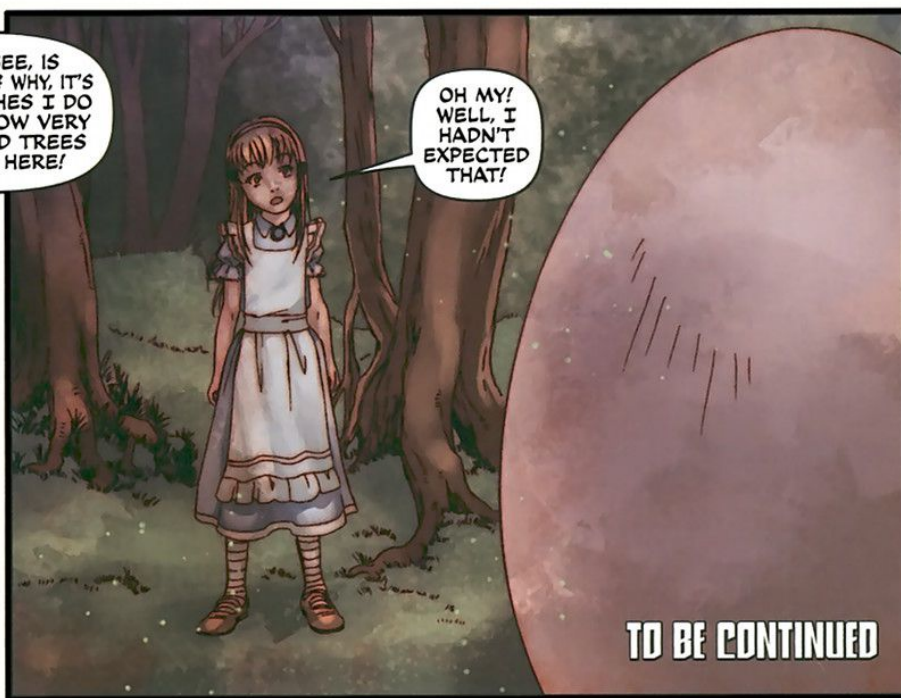
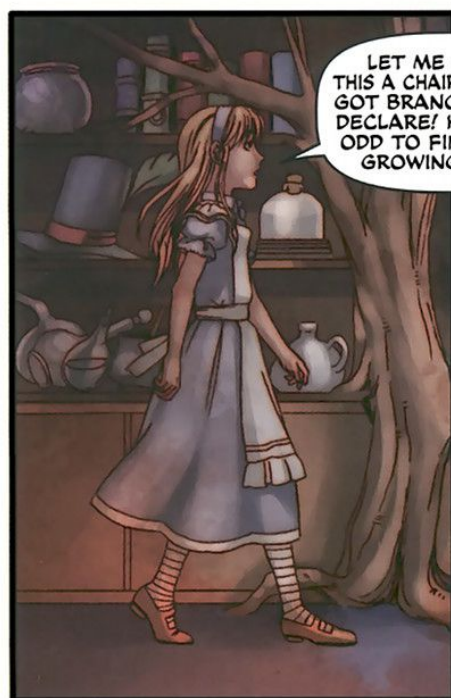












Child of the Pure Unclouded Brow

Child of the pure unclouded brow
And dreaming eyes of wonder!
Though time be fleet, and I and thou
Are half a life asunder,
Thy loving smile will surely hail
The love-gift of a fairy-tale.

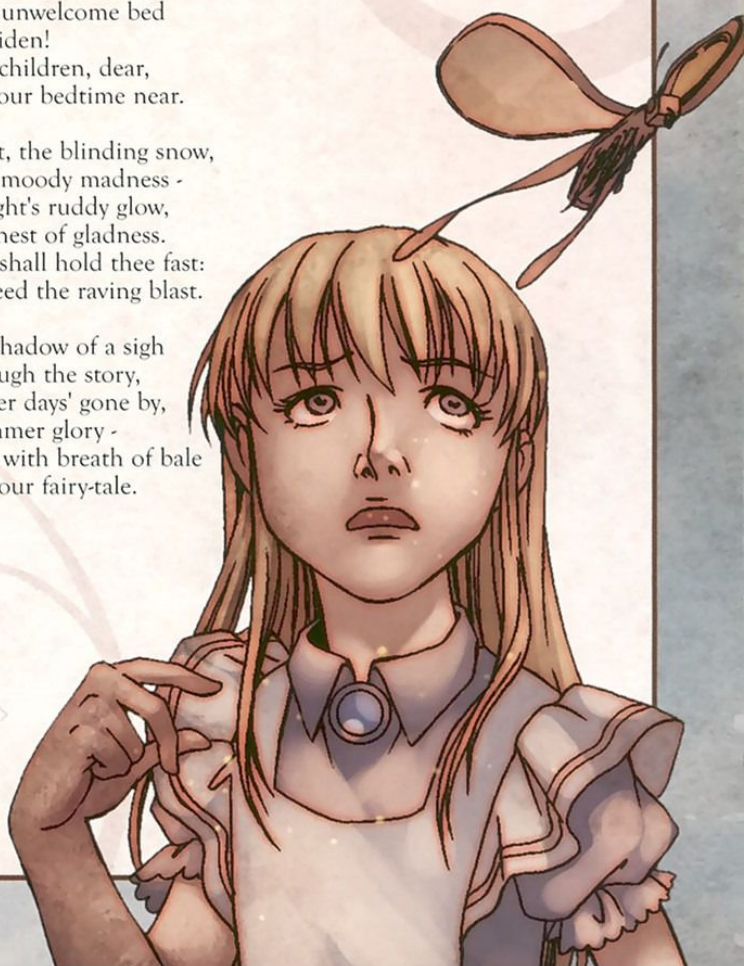
I have not seen thy sunny face,
Nor heard thy silver laughter;
No thought of me shall find a place
In thy young life's hereafter -
Enough that now thou wilt not fail
To listen to my fairy-tale.

A tale begun in other days,
When summer suns were glowing -
A simple chime, that served to time
The rhythm of our rowing -
Whose echoes live in memory yet,
Though envious years would say 'forget'.

Come, hearken then, ere voice of dread,
With bitter tidings laden,
Shall summon to unwelcome bed
A melancholy maiden!
We are but older children, dear,
Who fret to find our bedtime near.

Without, the frost, the blinding snow,
The storm-wind's moody madness -
Within, the firelight's ruddy glow,
And childhood's nest of gladness.
The magic words shall hold thee fast:
Thou shalt not heed the raving blast.

And though the shadow of a sigh
May tremble through the story,
For 'happy summer days' gone by,
And vanish'd summer glory -
It shall not touch with breath of bale
The pleasance of our fairy-tale.



Creating Wonderland

THE COMPLETE ALICE IN WONDERLAND • Issue Three, Page Thirty-Six.
Script by Leah Moore and John Reppion

This is a five panel page with one wide panel across the top, and two panels on the middle and bottom tiers.

Panel One.

This is a wide shot, so there is plenty of room for any crazy details you want to put in, objects you want to sneak into the panel, or whatever. We are inside a little dark shop, the really old fashioned kind with dark wooden shelves lining the walls, and a glass fronted cabinet for the counter, so you can see more shelves under it. The shop is stuffed to the gills with things, and like the rabbit-hole pages at the start of the first issue I thought this might be a great place to put in reminders of the other issues and the other characters. I thought there might be a tea set, a top hat, a chess set playing cards, comfits, thimbles, wool and knitting needles, a croquet set, pepper pocket watches, and everything else you can think of. I would love it if this shop almost seemed like the shop the other characters had come to, to get everything they needed to make the rest of the story. Obviously this is a lot of work and these two pages are set entirely in the shop and then there's even more later on, so I don't expect everything to go into every panel. It's a dark shop, so hopefully you can make the corners really shadowy and then you can get away with only drawing the things closer to us, that aren't in shadow! The shop has a window over in the left background, with shelves across it with jars of sweets displayed. The floor space is stacked with boxes and larger items for sale. The whole place is very claustrophobic feeling. Behind the counter there is an old sheep who is wrapped in a shawl (the same shawl as the White Queen had?) and has half moon glasses on. She is busy knitting something with several knitting needles at once. I think it would be great if over the course of these pages the thing she knits gets progressively longer and/or weirder...so if she starts off with what looks like a sleeve we see it grow into a sweater with four sleeves, or some kind of weird scarf with extra pieces on or something, just because all the sheep does is knit and I want it to progress a bit just to keep it interesting. Alice is stood looking round her in great surprise. The sheep is looking up at Alice over her half moon spectacles and doesn't look very impressed! The sheep has two balloons.

Sheep: Be-e-ehh!

Sheep: Yes? What is it you want to buy?

Panel Two.

This is a small shot of Alice two thirds figure as she goggles in amazement around herself at the weird and wonderful shop. She has one balloon.

Alice: I don't *quite* know yet, I should like to look all around me first, if I might.

Panel Three.

This is a wider shot from behind the counter so the sheep is in the left foreground with what looks like dozens of knitting needles poking out of her knitting. She is glaring across her counter at Alice who is stood looking around her in amazement. The Sheep has two balloons.

Sheep: You may look in front of you and on both sides if you like, but you can't look all around you...

Sheep: ...unless you've got eyes in the back of your head.

Panel Four.

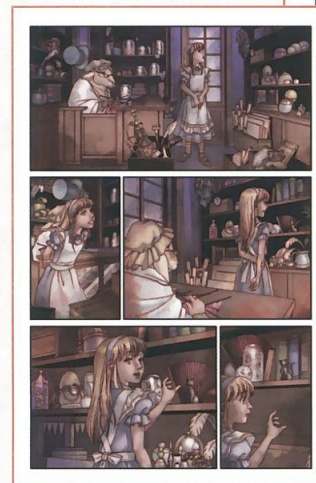
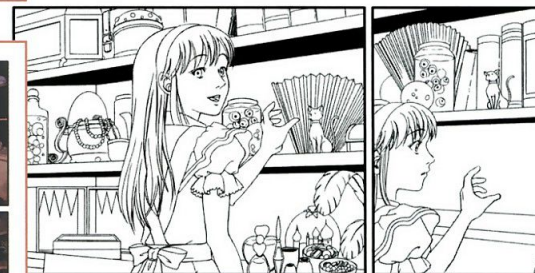
This is a wide panel again, and we have closed in on Alice. She is closer to the shelves now, and has her hand out to touch one of the items on the shelf. We can see the shelves are stuffed with items and all kinds of exciting things in jars and boxes. Alice is reaching out to the right of the panel with her left hand, and is looking back over her shoulder at the sheep presumably. We can see her face as she speaks to it. She has one balloon.

Alice: Well it would be very queer if I did! I should get quite ill looking forwards and backwards wherever I went!

Panel Five.

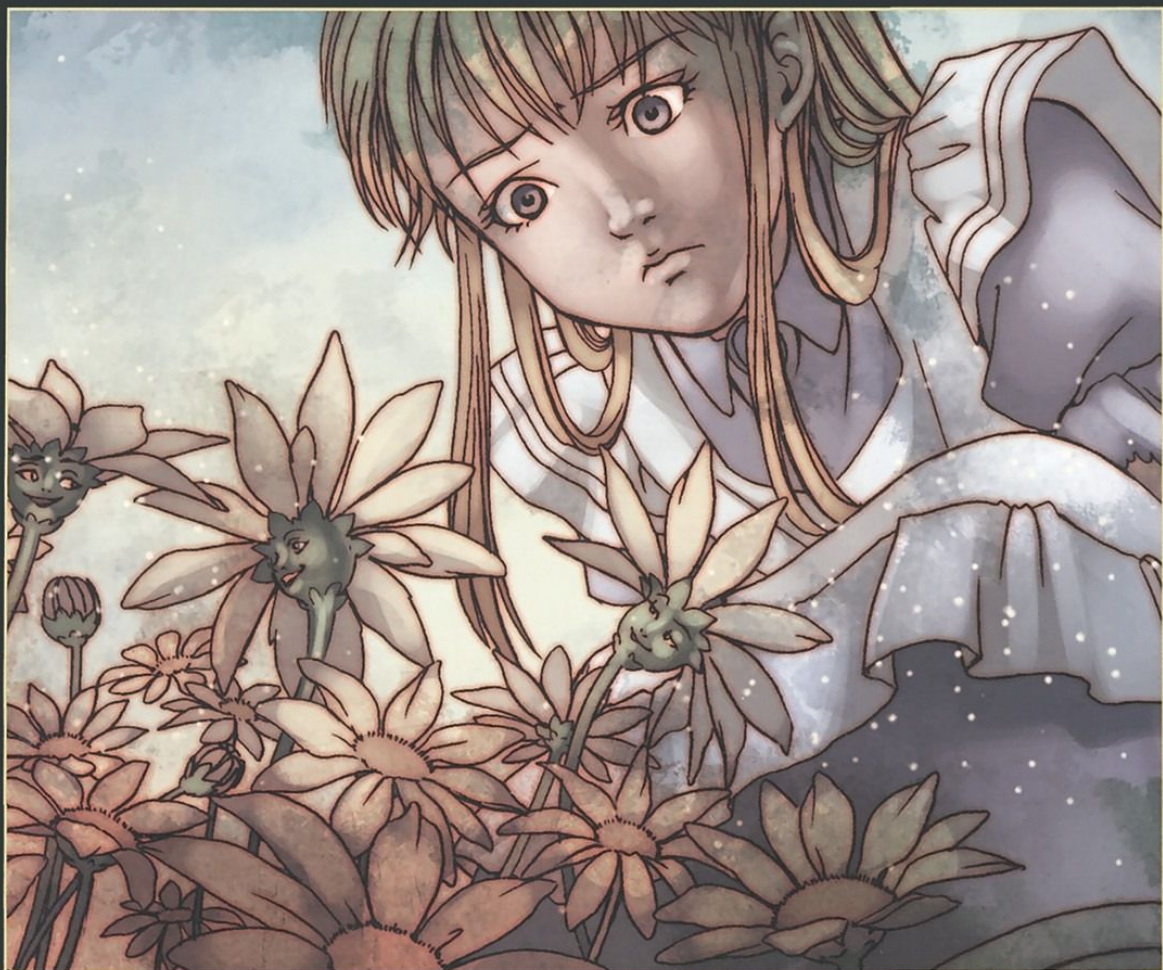
This small panel is almost a repeat of the last panel but cropped so we can see Alice in the left of the panel, still with her arm up to touch something, but now she is looking at the shelf again, and it appears to be suddenly empty! All the objects have slid out of her sight almost literally bunching up onto the shelves beside and behind Alice so they don't get seen by her. She is very puzzled as to why there isn't anything there now, and she can see the other shelves are full in her peripheral vision so its even more confusing. She has one balloon.

Alice: oh! It's gone! But I'm sure it was there a moment ago?



Right: Érica Awano's finished line art for page 36
Top left: Érica Awano's rough layout for page 36
Bottom left: PC Siqueira's final colors for page 36





In another moment Alice was through the glass, and in the Looking-glass room.

“There is a fire! Just like at home. Goodness!” exclaimed Alice.

